

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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THE HERO LOST AND FOUND

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this
page

SIX MEN RETURN TO CIVILISATION

THE DRAMATIC ARRIVAL OF AMUNDSEN

What Happened to his Planes
in the Arctic

THRILLING STORY OF THE POLE

*Did we think victory great?
So indeed it is!
But now it seems to me, when it cannot be
helped,
That defeat is great.*

Amundsen is back in civilisation; he turned back, leaving the Pole unconquered.

The attempt to cross the broken sea of ice which guards it was defeated. But never in defeat has the undaunted spirit of the Arctic explorer shone more brightly than in those hours when the aeroplanes with which Amundsen had hoped to cross those icy treacherous seas seemed to have failed him.

The World's Anxiety

About two hundred miles from the goal the explorer stood like a fighter whose weapon has splintered in his hand. It was worse than that. His weapon was his aeroplane, but it was also his life-buoy to float him back to safety.

While Amundsen and his fellow explorers stood by their planes, his friends in Norway, and beyond those all the people in the world who love a brave man and had heard of this man's flight, were anxiously waiting, with a fear they tried to conceal, for news of him. Those who knew Amundsen best believed he would come back. Yet, as day added itself to day, and week to week, anxiety grew. One can tell how great it was by recalling the sigh of relief which seemed to murmur round the world when news of his safety flashed over the wires.

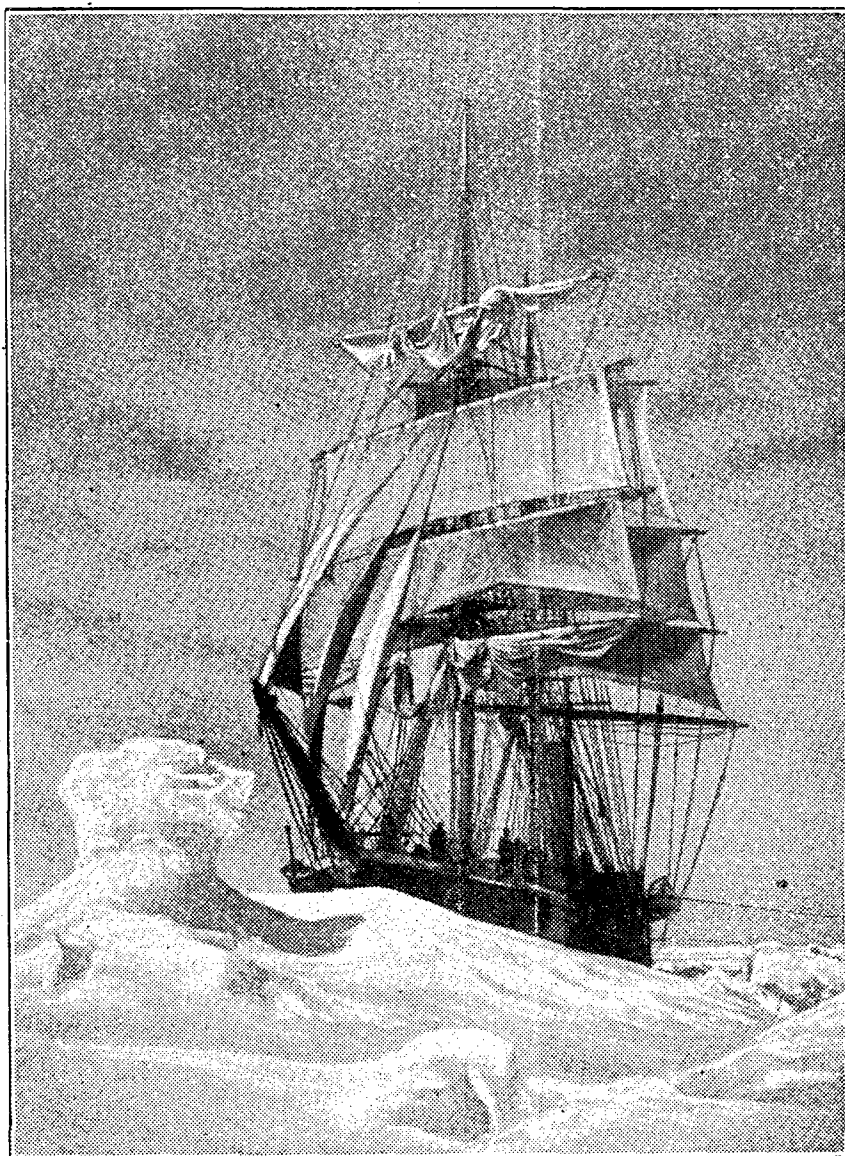
From Death to Life

How great it was a little incident brought home to one. When the ship brought him back to King's Bay, Spitsbergen, there was a crowd on the quay. They had not assembled to see Amundsen, for he was still believed to be in the Polar ice, dead or alive. They were there to see the departure of a ship setting out on a search expedition. Then, through the haze, a Norwegian sealer slowly stole up the harbour.

There was an unusually large number of men on the deck of the small ship. Suddenly someone on the other relief ship shouted *It's Amundsen!* It was. It was Amundsen and his companions returned from death to life. Seamen ran to the side of every ship in harbour, and as the news spread like fire people poured from the houses. Cheer upon cheer arose, and one spectator says that he suddenly felt, he knew not why, the tears running down his cheeks.

That was one of the dramatic moments of this historic attempt on the Pole, but it was not the greatest. The greatest

The Arctic Grip



Generation after generation our heroes have taken their ships into the frozen North, and the pressure of the ice has held them in its grip. Now our heroes advance upon the North Pole from the sky, and still the icy hand goes out to meet them: Amundsen's planes were frozen to the spot on which they landed, and held fast for 24 days

This picture by Herbert G. Ponting is from the photograph in his book *The Great White South*

came when, after flying steadily, the two planes which had left King's Bay on May 21, and had flown for nine hours, descended to find their bearings.

As the two planes, one navigated by Amundsen and the other by Ellsworth, came lower, they saw a water-lane in the frozen mass of floes. In all their flight the ice had been too broken and hummocky for them to land, but the narrow stretch of open water offered them something on which the floats of the planes might alight.

Down they came to do the best they could. As Amundsen had feared, it was only a second best, for his own machine immediately became locked against a mass of ice. The ice gripped Ellsworth's plane as well.

At first we can imagine that Amundsen surveyed the situation with all a great explorer's courage and calm. At any rate, it is certain that he and his five companions set about making observations and coolly discussed the advantages or disadvantages of going on.

Then they set about freeing the planes, and quickly found that the Arctic was a desperate opponent. They had to concentrate on getting out only one of the planes. The weather thawed and froze and thawed again. Their food was running short. For three weeks and three days they laboured, till the six men got Amundsen's plane free.

The resources of the Arctic enemy were even then not exhausted. They slid the plane on to pack ice and smoothed a jumping-off place for her. Then the ice cracked under them. Finally they had to throw all but the barest necessities overboard, and start the plane on just sufficient petrol to take her to safety.

The start succeeded. Those were Amundsen's simple words. But what unflinching energy they conceal! The flight succeeded, and eight and a half hours later the plane with its passengers reached North Cape. And then the little sealer *Sjoeliv*, passing westwards, picked them up and took them to that dramatic welcome in King's Bay.

THE QUEEN OF THE ROSES

A LITTLE STORY FROM PARIS

The Men who Put Their Hearts
into Their Work

FLOWERS AND SMILES

On her way through Paris the Queen of the Belgians not long ago went to visit the Belgian Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition of Decorative Arts.

When a Queen pays a visit of ceremony some bashful little girl often steps forward to present her with a bouquet, but this was a private occasion and no one was to be there except the royal visitor. So there was no ceremonious presentation of a bouquet.

But, just as the Queen was about to enter the portal, roses bloomed by her path. They were in the hands of a French workman, who was carrying a large bunch, and who stepped forward to ask one of the suite if he might say a word to the Queen. Not unnaturally the equerry hesitated, being a little taken aback; but the Queen saw the roses and the workman, and turned round and smiled.

A Queen of Hearts

Thus encouraged, the workman and a friend stepped forward and said in a little rush of words that he and his fellows had put their hearts into building the Belgian Pavilion, for they knew it was for her country; and would she therefore fill them with happiness by accepting from their hands this little gift of roses?

She would. She would indeed, and how pleasant a surprise Monsieur had given her! added the Queen. So saying, she took the bouquet with one hand and stretched out the other. The workman kissed it with ready French courtliness, and the Queen passed on into the Pavilion.

She did not hand the bouquet to an attendant to carry, but kept it herself. Judge with what gratification the workmen saw her come out of the Pavilion an hour later, still holding the roses. Judge also how they cheered when the Queen, with true politeness of heart, recognised the workman who had given them, working now in shirt sleeves among his fellows, and gave him yet another smile!

THE WASPS GO TO BED

This little note reaches us from the Welsh Girls School at Ashford, Middlesex.

On removing the counterpane from a bed in the school sanatorium, we found a wasp's nest between the pillows and the bolster, and adhering to the bolster. The bed had been slept in ten days before, but the wasp's nest was well advanced, and every hole in the comb showed life. The queen returned shortly afterwards, only to meet her death.

A SCHOLAR AND A GENTLEMAN ENGLAND LOSES A GREAT SON

Arthur Christopher Benson
and the Things He Did

THE LIFE CHARMING

England is poorer by the death of a fine-souled gentleman, Arthur Christopher Benson.

There are thousands of young men all over the world who are thinking sadly that they will never again see his bright smile and meet his measureless hospitality.

Thousands will remember him as the writer of *Land of Hope and Glory*; thousands more from his lovely books; but even apart from his books his life was crowded.

He was the second son of the Archbishop of Canterbury from 1883 to 1896, and was born in 1862 at Wellington College, of which his father was the first headmaster. At twelve he went to Eton, and at 19 to Cambridge. Four years later he returned to Eton as master, and worked there for 18 years.

Queen Victoria's Letters

Then followed a short interval spent at Windsor Castle where he was busy editing Queen Victoria's letters. In 1904 he became a fellow of Magdalene, Cambridge, and eleven years later was nominated as Master of the College. This post he held, through lapses of ill-health, till the end, which came at a quiet midnight in June, 1925.

There is a saying that a man's real nature is shown, not in his life's work, but in his spare-time occupations, and with Mr. Benson this was so. In his leisure hours he wrote a very great deal, like the rest of his brilliant family.

Biographies and Essays

His chief delight in literary exercise was in biography, poetry, and the essay. How he found leisure for all he accomplished, especially for his numerous biographies, is only explained by the fact that it is the busy man who has the most time.

He wrote *Lives of his father, his brother Hugh, and his sister Margaret*. After biography came books and volumes of essays of peculiarly tranquil and scholarly charm—like *The House of Quiet*, *The Upton Letters*, *From a College Window*, *The Thread of Gold*, *The Altar Fire*, and many more.

By means of these volumes thousands of people who had never known the scholar became acquainted with the fastidious and orderly mind and the gentle soul of Arthur Benson. They shared his intense delight in Nature's moods; they saw afresh through his pages the beauty of the world and the beauty of an ideal; they saw the eternal problem of right and wrong, the eternal strife between happiness and pain.

What His Friends Remember

Those who knew him are glad to remember, not the schoolmaster or the essayist, but just Arthur Benson. No one can forget his great kindness of heart, his old-fashioned and perfect courtesy, his open hearth, his table rarely empty of guests.

We may do well if with all our salty and breezy notions of life, our hasty tossing aside of conventions, we get in exchange anything to equal the calibre of men like Arthur Christopher Benson, scholar and gentleman.

FIGHT WITH A SHARK

Philip Mead, a well-known cricketer, while fishing off Highcliffe, near Bourne-mouth, was disturbed by an eight-foot thresher shark. Seizing an oar he attacked it, and after a violent struggle managed to kill it.

SCRAPS OF PAPER A COLLECTION WORTH A FORTUNE

Baron Ferrari and his Postage
Stamps

SURPRISE FOR THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

For many years there lived in Paris a distinguished and cultured Austrian nobleman, Baron Ferrari.

Baron Ferrari was a lover of art and a scholar, but he was also a man of many interests, and among his hobbies was the collection of postage stamps.

Very few of Ferrari's friends knew how much time and care he gave to his collection, or how much money he spent on it, though most of them had an idea that it was considerable. However, the Baron died during the war, and by his will he left his collection of stamps to the Berlin Postal Museum.

As France was at war with Germany, the provisions of the will were, of course, not carried out, and at the end of the war, when the property of German subjects in France was taken for reparations, the French Government took over the Ferrari stamp collection, and decided to offer it for sale by auction.

An Amazing Total

Now comes the marvel. The Ferrari collection has been selling in Paris at odd times for many months, and the sale is still going on. Already the total sums realised have reached the amazing amount of £400,000, and the collection is by no means exhausted. If anyone had informed the French Government that it was likely to receive millions of francs by the sale of postage stamps belonging to one Austrian collector he would not have been believed. As a matter of fact, Baron Ferrari collected with such skill and foresight, and the value of certain issues of stamps has gone up so much during the past few years that no one could have foretold what competition there would be for his.

The collection may even raise a million pounds, or nearly a hundred million francs, before it is exhausted.

BROADCASTING

Will it Help Good English? THE POWER OF THE B.B.C.

The C.N., which is deeply interested in keeping our language pure, is interested also to know that Mr. J. C. Stobart, of the B.B.C., is doing what he can to secure purity of speech and elegance of delivery for wireless. An educational expert sends us these notes on the subject.

Will broadcasting be able, by its wide and constant influence, to improve spoken English? That interesting question is not the same as Will it tend to kill dialects?

A dialect is not unlike another language. It may be spoken perfectly by those who also speak beautiful English, the speaker knowing exactly where dialect ends and pure English begins.

As language an English dialect and pure English have much in common—kinship in words. As speech they are different in almost every word—tone, accent, inflection.

Broadcasting will not kill dialect. It is too natural a growth to be killed. But will it enable those who have dialect, and who also wish to have the pure English of educated speech to realise, by constantly hearing it spoken, how attractive and desirable it is?

We think it will have a very considerable effect, and all in the right direction. The B.B.C. has a great influence in preserving our speech, and in helping to keep unspoilt the fountain of its purity.

A BRAVE GIRL AT THE WHEEL

Thrilling Ride for Life THE SPIRIT THAT FACES DANGER

We can never get away from brave English girls. Now and again the world rings with the story of their deeds. Such a story comes from Shanghai, where the world has turned topsyturvy for a while and gone back to heathendom. The story shows us what life is like when law is thrown aside.

Mr. William Mackenzie, an electrician, was motoring outside the settlement one evening, and with him was an English girl, Miss Duncan. The night was dark, and seemed to be darker still by reason of the black cloud of trouble hanging over China.

They were talking softly together when suddenly the headlights of the car showed seven Chinese standing full in the way of the car. Mr. Mackenzie slowed down and got out to speak to the men. The girl in the car sat silent.

"Come back," she said, in a low voice.

Under Fire

Mr. Mackenzie was speaking both in English and Chinese, quietly ordering the men to get out of the way. Miss Duncan saw the furtive movements on the part of one of the men.

The electrician jumped back into the car and started it. It moved on. Then the Chinese opened a volley of fire, and Mackenzie was hit.

"I'm going," he said thickly.

Miss Duncan could not hear the rest. Shots were flying. She herself was hit. The car gathered speed. What was she to do? Only once or twice had she tried to drive a car. In an agony of pain, shaking with terror, she managed to take the wheel. The car sped on, making a zig-zag course. For three-quarters of a mile this girl who could scarcely drive at all, drove the car with a dying man in it, on into the settlement, turning it at last helplessly into a ditch.

There she sat, shouting at the top of her voice for help. Fortunately, the help came, too late to save her friend, but in time to save this brave girl, who said, when they questioned her, that she had "done what she could."

ZANZIBAR

Things are Going to be Better

Zanzibar was at one time the place from which the Arab slave-traders set out for Africa. Today it is the island from which the cloves come. Many other things are grown there, such as rice and coconuts, but these are found in other places, whereas cloves are not common anywhere but in this island.

Here, therefore, both the Arabs and the Africans are busy in supplying our apple puddings and other dishes with cloves. The deep rich red soil makes this possible; but it has to be owned that it is never safe to reckon on a good crop. The children of this island are about forty thousand in number, but only three thousand are at school, and half of these are Indians.

Things are going to be better. New schools are being opened, and in them the boys and girls of the island will be taught how to make the most of their cloves and other crops. It has been suggested that in the schools machinery should be set up for the drying of cloves, so that the people might bring their products to the schools to be dried, and the scholars at the same time would learn how it is done.

THINGS SAID THE HEART OF A GREAT MAN

Wanted, a Department to
Watch Over our Landscapes

BUYING ANXIETY

Ninety-nine per cent of the people of England are honest. *Mayor of Blackburn*

The only short cut to the ideal city of the future is the proper use of coal.

Dr. Leonard Hill

I desire that my heart shall be removed from my body and offered to my native village of Montigny le Roi, where it beat for the first time.

M. Flammarion's Will

One of the greatest problems of my life is that when I think I am buying pleasure I find I am buying anxiety.

A Leader of Commerce

We have a department which watches over our ruins. I should have thought one at least of our many departments could watch over our landscape attractions.

Sir Walter de Frece

One of the greatest obstacles to better relations between England and America is films. I have never, in America, met the trashy life shown on films as typical of America.

Viscount Lee

Doctors are the guardians of health, the policemen who keep order among the bacilli and the germs.

Mr. Lloyd George

The man who pretends to be his own doctor will have a recalcitrant patient, and probably receive very poor advice.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain

What is the reason of the curious discrepancy between the powerful world position of England and the bold schemes of her sons, and the timid character of her taste in monuments?

Mr. Muirhead Bone

As the League of Nations grows it will be ever stronger to prevent war. We shall soon reach manhood and do tasks which today would break our backs.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain

When I sit down to my piano I am no longer the man Pachmann. I am Pachmann the musician, the instrument of a power outside myself and all human beings.

Pachmann

The Anthem of Free Nations

The man who wrote our Empire Anthem has passed from among us. Arthur Christopher Benson was one of three famous brothers, and he will be remembered for generations by the words of the hymn that stirs our crowds whenever it is sung, *Land of Hope and Glory*.

DEAR Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned,

God make thee mightier yet!
On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned,
Once more thy crown is set.
Thine equal laws, by freedom gained,
Have ruled thee well and long;
By freedom gained, by truth maintained,
Thine Empire shall be strong.

Thy fame is ancient as the days,
As ocean large and wide;
A pride that dares, and heeds not praise,
A stern and silent pride;
Not that false joy that dreams content
With what our sires have won;
The blood a hero sire hath spent
Still nerves a hero son.

Land of Hope and Glory, mother of the free,
How shall we extol thee who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.

WHITE HORSES OF THE KINGS

A NOBLEMAN'S EFFORT TO SAVE THEM

Departed Glory of the Royal Stables of Hungary

STEEDS OF ANCIENT LINEAGE

If the kings of Hungary ever return, will they ride into Budapest city on white horses?

A great effort is being made in Hungary to save the famous white horses of the royal stables.

When the Imperial House of Austria crashed in the dust and smoke of the Great War it seemed as if the famous white horses of the Emperor must pass out with the dethroned Hapsburgs.

These horses have an older lineage than the famous creams which have drawn the coach of the Kings of England to their coronation. They have been bred in Hungary for more than three hundred years. Now there are only 120 of them left, and it will require all the efforts of one of the few Hungarian magnates, princes in their own country and like little kings a few years ago, to keep them.

Count Esterhazy's Hope

Count Esterhazy bought them after the fall of the Hapsburgs, though, rich as he had been, he was hard put to it to do so in the bankrupt days following the war. His hope was that the kings would one day return to the ancient Hungarian capital of Budapest, and then their white horses would be waiting for them. They have been waiting for some years now, and the Count has had to sell nearly a third of those he bought in order to keep the rest. He still hopes that a king will ride back to find them, but he probably hopes in vain.

Famed all Over Europe

Three centuries ago the famous breed of Europe were Spanish-Neapolitan horses, long since extinct. In 1580 the Archduke Charles of Austria brought some of this famous Lippiza breed to the Karst Mountains of Hungary, which ever since then have been the Lippiza's home. They became famed all over Europe, and no pains were spared to improve the breed.

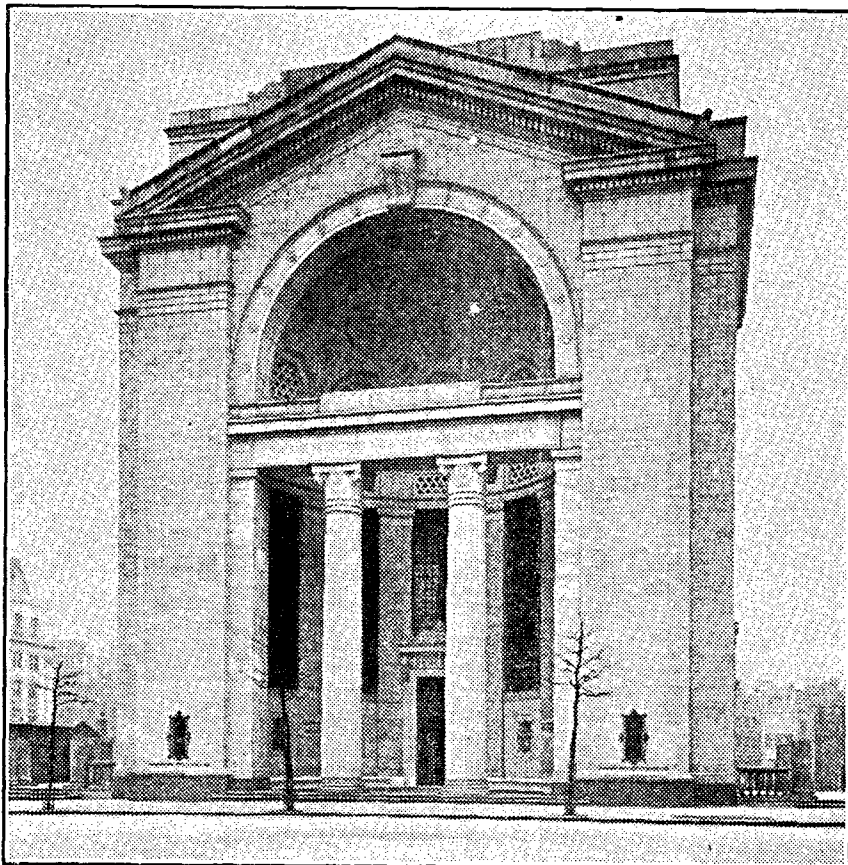
Special messengers were despatched to certain parts of Arabia and Syria to get from the desert tribes the finest of their horses, and among them was the great horse Siglavi, a descendant of the steed Seglavi-Jedran, mentioned in the Arabian Nights for the proudness of his bearing, the greatness of his strength, the harmony of his proportions. As the generations went on English horses of the eighteenth century contributed to the strain, and some of the best Danish and German blood.

Recalling Van Dyck and Velasquez

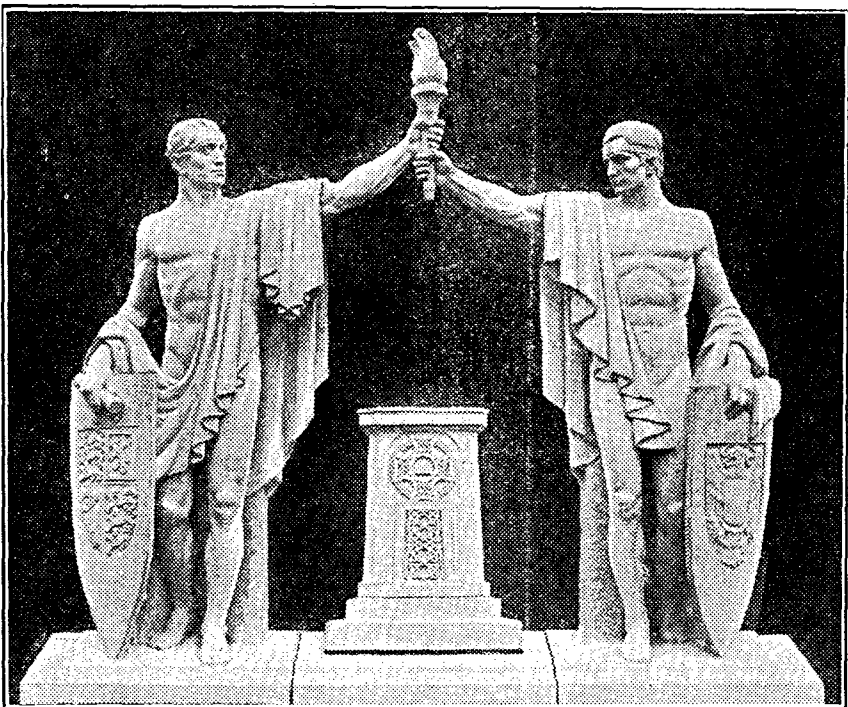
But the white horses could trace their descent back to the old Spanish stock. The Emperor Francis Joseph, the old Emperor of 1914, and the last of all except the short-lived Carol, rode to his coronation on Cerbero, a direct descendant of the Spaniard Maestoso. They are like the horses painted by Van Dyck, and some of those in the pictures of Velasquez.

Great pains are taken with their education. They are trained from the age of three years and the schooling goes on for ten. But before that time the Lippiza horses have a life of freedom, though not an altogether easy one. The Karst Mountains, where they are permitted to roam, have meagre pastures, and it is sometimes said that the hardness and toughness of the breed are due to the rough conditions under which they spend their youth, which resemble those of the Arabian deserts of some of their ancestors.

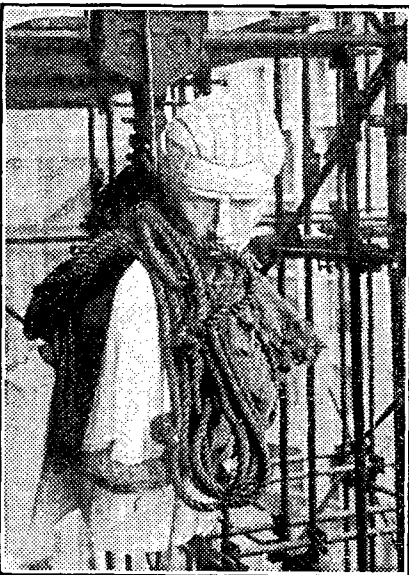
THE TORCH OF FRIENDSHIP



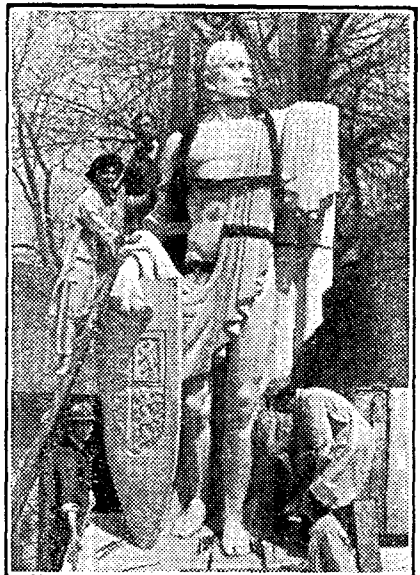
Bush House, with the recess for the statuary over the porch



The group of statuary representing the friendship of English-speaking peoples



Raising the huge statuary into position on Bush House



The sculptor assembling the group at her studio in America

A fine group of statuary from America, dedicated to the friendship of the English-speaking peoples, has just been erected over the porch of Bush House, facing Kingsway, and is being unveiled today. This statuary is the work of an American woman sculptor, Miss Malvina Hoffman. See next column

LONDON HAS A NEW MONUMENT

AMERICA AND BRITAIN HAND IN HAND

The Great Figures that Look up Kingsway

A MEMORIAL OF TWO NATIONS

Lord Balfour keeps the Fourth of July, the day when America declared her independence, by unveiling a remarkable group of statuary which has been set up in London by an American to mark the eternal friendship of the two countries which separated their ways so long ago.

The memorial, which has now been set up in the archway of Bush House, the magnificent building in Aldwych, expresses the idea of Mr. Irving T. Bush, who commissioned a talented American sculptor, Miss Malvina Hoffman, to design and execute for him a group symbolising the unity of the two nations.

Mr. R. D. Peck, the manager of Bush House, told the C.N. that Mr. Bush is so fond of England that he had to build a business house here to have an excuse for coming every year. He is an idealist who believes that the English-speaking races hold the future of civilisation in their hands. That is why he has inscribed on his building the famous dedication: "To the friendship of the English-speaking peoples."

The Meaning of the Monument

The new memorial which looks up Kingsway, shows two young men, representing America and Britain respectively, joining hands to hold aloft the torch of civilisation.

Miss Hoffman, as she made her way through a small hole in the stonework of the arch of Bush House, followed by Sir Robert Witt, the famous art expert, Mr. Robert Baillie, the stonemason who carved the monument, Mr. Peck, and a representative of the C.N., explained the idea she has sought to express in this splendid and enduring form.

"The figure of England," she said, "holds a copy of Magna Carta in its right hand. Its left hand is joined to the right hand of America, holding the torch that all the world may see. America is the younger and more athletic of the two figures; England more set and mature. Is it not upon the youth and vigour of America, and the experience and solidity of Great Britain, that so much of the future of humanity depends?"

Stone Quarried in Indiana

Miss Hoffman began by making a model six inches high; then another six feet high, from which Mr. Baillie built the memorial itself in twelve great sections, all transported across the ocean, and hoisted into position on steel scaffolding. Miss Hoffman spent two years on her work, Mr. Baillie and eight assistants worked for nearly a year, and the final task of putting up the scaffolding and getting the monument into position has taken a month.

The memorial weighs 40 tons, and Mr. Baillie used 92 tons of stone quarried at Bedford, in Indiana, where he was able to get blocks of 24 tons, the size he wanted. The height of the group is over 17 feet, and each of the figures is over 12 feet high. *Pictures on this page*

USING OIL TWICE

Motor Economy

Great economies should result from a new process put into operation in America for reclaiming lubricating oil that has been used in motor-cars.

Instead of destroying old oil, it is now treated by shaking it with silicate of soda and other chemicals, after which it is run in a thin film over a heated plate. This removes all the carbon, dust, and other impurities, and the oil is made just as good as new again.

NEWS ABOUT A NEWSBOY

His Great Rise in the World

A PRIME MINISTER IN AUSTRALIA

Mr. Lang, the new Premier of New South Wales, has been rising ever since he was a boy of seven.

When he was that age his father, a watchmaker, fell ill, so the small son ran along the Sydney streets selling newspapers. His father got better, but young Lang felt that he had now begun to make a living and had better go on. So when somebody offered him work as a farmer's boy, he took it, and stopped on the land for four years.

By that time, being of the ripe age of thirteen, and feeling that his education in the country was completed, he went back to Sydney to drive an omnibus, and after a year of that he became a carter. He was sharp enough to feel that the city was the best place for education, and he set to work to get it at night schools with such goodwill that an accountancy firm took in the newsboy, farmer's boy, bus driver, and carter, as a clerk when he was 17.

He was now fairly started. Three years later he had set up in business for himself as a house and estate agent, and has prospered exceedingly. Finally, after seventeen years more of hard work, he put up for Parliament, and now, not yet fifty, has become Prime Minister.

Like some other Premiers of Australia, he can say that he knows many grades of society because he has worked his way up through them. Another Australian Premier, Mr. John Scaddan of West Australia, drove an engine and spent many hard years in the engineering shop at the Kalgoorlie mines. He drove his own car as Prime Minister, and once, with a C.N. representative in it, put on a new tyre in a little over two minutes!

IN THE TEMPLE OF PEACE

Something New Beginning

National universities have their lecturers on international law, but for the first time there is now to be an international school of international law.

Naturally it is to be at The Hague, where the Court of International Justice holds its sittings.

Here the greatest authorities of all nations have been engaged to lecture all the summer vacations, free of charge, to students from all parts of the world who wish to increase their knowledge. The Academy of International Law, as it is to be called, will make one more link in the chain that is one day to bind the nations together in allegiance to law and in opposition to lawless force.

There are to be two courses (from July 13 to August 7 and from August 10 to September 4), and they will be repeated summer by summer in the Temple of Peace at The Hague.

A TOUCH OF DICKENS

Quaint London Byway

Lovers of London will be glad to learn that there is no truth in the rumour that the old inn in Southwark, made famous by Dickens in *Little Dorrit*, is to be pulled down.

The house is 350 years old, and was in its day one of the most famous coaching-houses in England. There is still remaining sufficient of the original building to enable us to see how delightful its appearance must have been, with its long, low parlour, the wooden balcony's balustrading hardly more than six feet above the ground, and the old-fashioned bedrooms leading on to it. In many of these bedrooms there are still in use the great four-poster beds of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

THE HEART THAT TOLD ITS STORY

Heart-beats Seen and Heard 1000 Miles Away

AN IMMENSE STEP FORWARD

A step was taken the other week toward that certain day in the future when a heart-beat will be wirelessly flashed across space, while at the same moment an X-ray photograph of the beating heart will appear on a screen by the hearer's side.

It is true that the experiments at a Medical Congress at Atlantic City, shown to the physicians there with heart-beats and photographs of the records that heart-beats make, were transmitted over wires; but we know that the sounds and sights that can be sent over wires will some day be flashed without them.

At Atlantic City the physicians saw, flashed on a screen, two photographs sent over the wires from Chicago, showing the irregularities of a beating heart as they traced themselves on a card prepared for the purpose of showing them. While they looked on the voice of the Chicago physician who had been taking the record of the heart-beats was heard a thousand miles away describing their meaning, and his voice, magnified by loud speakers, could be heard by all.

BAREBACK

The Tale of a Horse

The hunting season is not yet, and so Jimmy must be a very idle horse. He cannot

*Sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And live upon strawberries, sugar, and cream,*

which is the classical English picture of leisure, but he is doing the equine equivalent for it.

Jimmy was bought by a young Wiltshire farmer. He began by kicking all his harness off. Instead of flogging the animal the owner made many patient experiments, and finally discovered that the horse was neither vicious nor stupid, but simply could not tolerate harness. So his owner decided to train him without it.

Jimmy has now become a first-rate hunter, carrying his master without bridle or saddle, and guided solely by a hand on his neck.

All the countryside talks of this remarkable achievement, for Jimmy was said to be untamable. His would have been a sorry fate if he had been bought by someone less intelligent and sympathetic than his master.

THE SPOIL-SPORT

Lord Astor and the Gambler

The C.N. is glad to give publicity to Lord Astor's reply to many critics who express surprise at his ownership of racehorses. Lord Astor writes:

Betting and gambling are not in themselves sins, but they often lead to sin and trouble; this is equally true of drinking and many other things.

I never bet, either on my own or anyone else's horses; nor should I want to bet if I went to see a football or cricket match. Unless I had sufficient interest in the game itself I would keep away altogether. I should not race if I bought ready-made racehorses.

The pleasure I get in breeding my own animals and then seeing how they compare with others. I breed horses as other men breed dogs, or pigeons, or cattle, or grow geraniums or roses. I like to test the results of my theories as a breeder of a fine and useful animal against the best that others can produce.

To my mind gambling is not sport; it tends to spoil the true spirit of sport.

THE WAY TO HEALTH

Nurses of 15 Countries Learning It

COLLEGE'S CONTRIBUTION TO PEACE

Seventy years after Florence Nightingale's work in the Crimea comes a movement that would have pleased the Lady of the Lamp, an International Course for Nurses, organised by the League of Red Cross Societies.

This year nineteen students from fifteen countries have been studying public health nursing at Bedford College. They visit institutions here connected with their work, and study hygiene, psychology, social work, and hospital administration. In a year they return well-equipped to train others, and to help in the setting up of health institutions in their own countries.

It is good that such a course should be held in England where Florence Nightingale was the pioneer of modern nursing. Mrs. Dreikant, one of the students from Latvia, has been talking of the good effect of this work on peace.

"Before I came to England," she says, "the idea of this country in my mind was as a mass of geographical political conceptions all merged into a foggy unknown. Now the mere word England has a warmth of intimacy for us all, something of the bright dancing flames of its fireplaces in winter, a kind of hospitality which we shall never forget. Words are too pale to describe what we feel towards England and all associated with our work at Bedford College."

So the Red Cross, founded to bring humanity even into the horrors of war, carries on, when war is past, work which should help to found the humanity of universal peace.

10,000 YEARS AGO

Stone Age Man in Norfolk

Mr. J. E. Sainty has made an interesting discovery of a prehistoric workshop site on Kelling Heath, in Norfolk.

The place where the ancient people settled is on high ground overlooking the North Sea, and their flint implements and flakes are found on the surface of a bed of gravel and under about a foot of sandy top soil. Some idea of the numbers of specimens discovered by Mr. Sainty may be formed from the fact that an area of sixty square yards yielded no less than 3000 flakes, and to this must be added the large series of actual implements of various kinds found with them.

A study of the Kelling specimens makes it clear that they belong to the beginning of the New Stone Age, about ten thousand years ago, and to a race of which we already know something. They practised peculiar customs, as is shown by the finding of a "nest" of human skulls of this epoch in a cave in South Germany.

FIRE WITHOUT SMOKE

Hope from a New Process

In summer complaints of the smoke nuisance die out with the household fires, which are the chief cause of it. But now is the time to consider with a cool mind inventions which will diminish it when it begins to brood over London and Manchester in the autumn, and when the number of smoke particles in the air rises from hundreds to hundreds of thousands to the cubic inch.

A Darlington engineer's invention proposes to begin by distilling a new and cheap gas from oil, which is so cheap and so effective as a fuel that it can be used for heat, light, and power. This gas has a heat value four times that of coal gas, and by its use the chimney stack belching out dirty and choking smoke would cease to exist.

HOME BY RIVER

LONDONERS WHO LOVE THE THAMES

The Summer Evening Between Westminster and Windsor

HAPPY BOATLOADS

Now, in the happy summer days, when the skies are blue and the holiday weekends lengthen their hours of delight, it is pleasant to see how Londoners display their love for the ancient river with which their city has been associated since time immemorial.

There is a dignity about the brown Thames that runs between the high embankments and the grimy wharves. Even here, on quiet evenings, for all the turbid currents and shifting eddies, which call for great skill in oarsmanship, you will find people in rowing-boats, taking the air, and seeming to catch, from the estuary far away, the savour of the salt breezes that bring life and vigour to the Kentish and Essex coasts.

But it is on the reaches of the Thames outside London, from Richmond far away towards Reading, and more particularly between Richmond and Hampton Court, that Londoners are mostly seen. They crowd to the shady tow-paths and to the lovely lawns where happy gardens run from old-world houses down to the quiet stream.

The Sound of Music

Lazy punts and drowsy canoes float over the shining waters. Here and there the sound of music is heard from a gramophone, or from some houseboat the tinkling of a guitar, or the quaint voice of the saxophone.

The boats that ply between Westminster and Windsor are crowded with people going home from their work, and with holiday-makers, going and coming, even though their holiday be only one afternoon. On such quiet and delightful evenings, not much deck-space is needed. The travellers sit close, reading their newspapers, enjoying the scenery around them, chatting and joking, a number of them eating sandwiches.

Down on the lower deck there is a sound of music. A blind man has taken his seat at the piano, and presently he pounds out, in excellent time and tune, popular melodies, and the simple folk on board take them up and sing them, as they float downstream. Soon an old man with a violin takes his stand by the side of the piano, and his thin notes rise in trembling harmony, and are carried across to the shore.

Kindly Givers

The shadows lengthen, and the air grows cool. The old man with the violin comes up to collect coppers for himself and his sightless friend, who has given such pleasure, for all his blindness, to others happier than he in the possession of that precious sense which has been denied to him.

The passengers are mostly people of modest means, with very few coppers, and hardly any silver, to spare. But somehow they all find something to put in the little bag for the two musicians.

And soon the piano is tinkling again, and the thin notes of the violin rise once more and join it eagerly, as the little vessel passes through the locks and down to the wider and muddier reaches of Chelsea and Westminster.

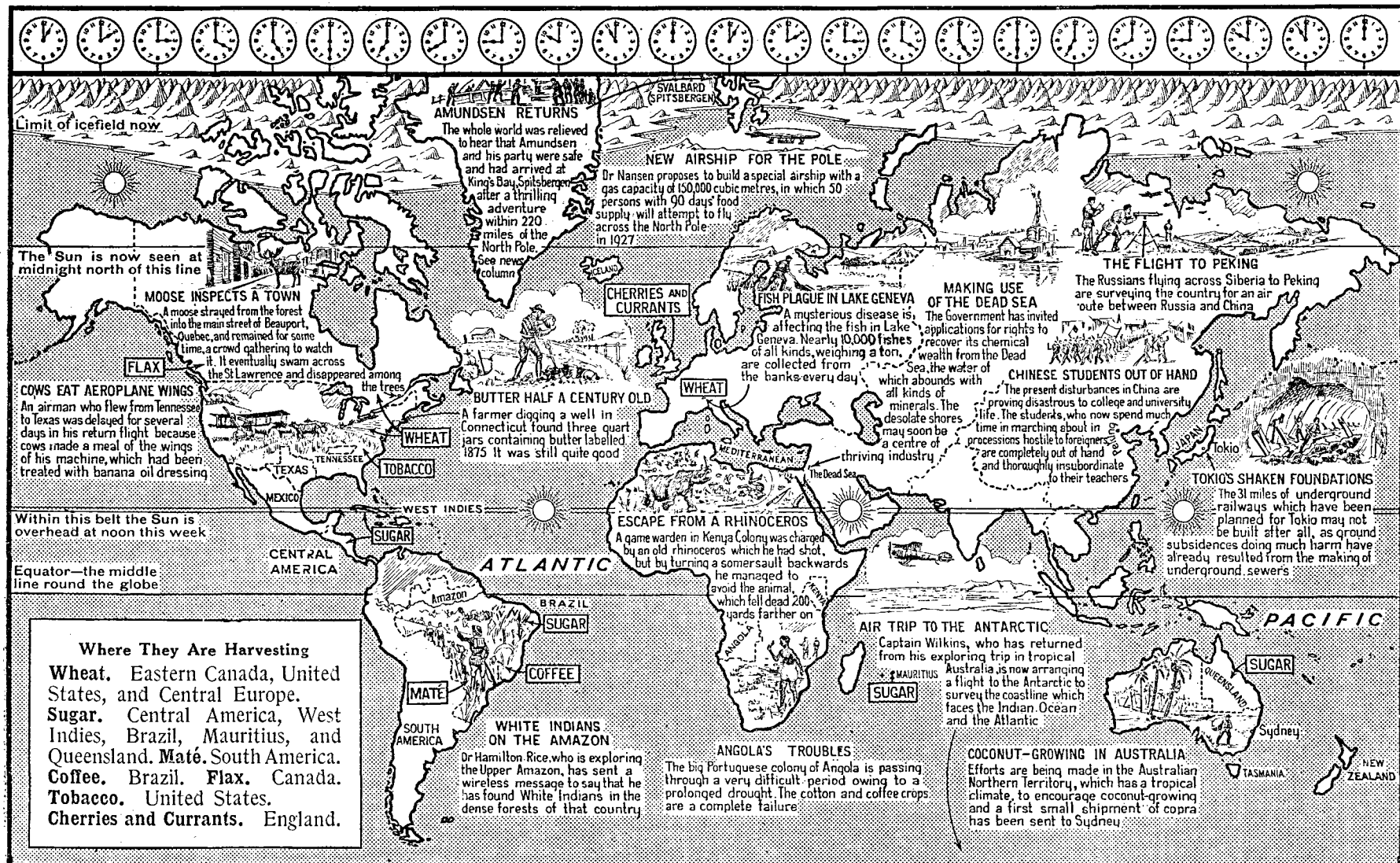
A PIECE OF GOOD FORTUNE

A University Finds Oil

The University of Texas has had an extraordinary piece of good fortune.

It has never been as large or as wealthy as many of America's universities, but oil has now been struck on some of its land and an income of two hundred thousand pounds a year is assured, with prospects of much more.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



DOCTOR SUN

Lighting Up the Brain

MEDICINE GOOD FOR THE MIND

More than once the C.N. has shown what enormous value Nature's remedy of light is in fighting disease; and how the disease of rickets, so common among the poor children of towns, has been shown to be preventable and curable by plenty of sunlight. The scientists say that it is the powerful invisible rays in the sunlight which work the healing miracle, and now one of the doctors, Sir Henry Gauvain, declares that these rays are good not only for the body but for the mind.

In the Treloar Cripples Hospital at Alton are many children whose crippled limbs and weak lungs are tended and restored with these two great blessings, light and air. They are nearly all the children of humble parents, some very humble and not very well educated. In their poor bodies their minds are not very bright. But Sir Henry Gauvain, after a long and very careful examination of these and other children, is certain that the Sun is brightening their brains as well as restoring their bodies.

He has compared them with children who are sent to special Council Schools because they are unfitted by their health or bodily infirmities for the ordinary Council Schools in towns. The town children who do not get the sunlight are not so bright of mind as the country children who do, and Sir Henry Gauvain leaves no room for doubt about it.

It is the sunlight which is the brain tonic and the new doctor's medicine. There was an Italian proverb which said that where the Sun comes the doctor comes not; but nowadays they come visiting hand in hand.

A MEETING UNDER THE THAMES

Kent and Essex Men Burrowing

The other week 32 men from Kent and 32 men from Essex were shaking hands 80 feet under the Thames.

For six months they had been burrowing a tunnel under the river between Woolwich Arsenal and Barking Creek, one party working from the north side and the other from the south; and the other day the last piece of chalk fell with a crash and they met in the middle. The tunnel they have driven is 3000 feet long, and will carry the cables from the new power station at Barking into Kent.

An interesting thing about this new tunnel is that the boring took place in air at a pressure of 40 pounds to the square inch, a condition under which men cannot work for more than short periods at a time. But what seems most wonderful to ordinary people is that the engineers had calculated so nicely that the two parts of the tunnel not only met exactly in line and level, but even the bolt-holes of the linings were opposite each other.

THE BOY OF MARATHON

A Treasure From the Sea

Some surprising things come out of the sea, for it is rich not only in fishes, but in works of art.

Remarkable treasures have been dredged from the bed of the Bay of Naples, and only a few months ago a diver sighted a drowned city off the North African coast. Now some poor Greek fishermen at Marathon have raised a beautiful bronze statue which was lying 20 fathoms under the sea.

Experts say it is a charming figure of a boy, and belongs to the best period of Greek art, 2300 years ago. It resembles the work of the school of the great Praxiteles, and is practically perfect. Probably it is a relic of a shipwreck, or was flung overboard in a storm.

A COMET'S RETURN

Hope for Small Telescopes

Those astronomers who make comets their study are having a very busy time this year.

Three new comets were discovered in the first four months of the year, and news has now come from Copenhagen that one of the eight comets expected by astronomers to return in 1925 has been detected. This is Tempel's second periodic comet, which has been known to astronomers since it was discovered just over half a century ago by Tempel, of the Brera Observatory at Milan.

This comet takes five and a quarter years to complete one journey round the Sun, and the present appearance signifies the completion of ten whole revolutions since its discovery. At three of its appearances the comet was missed altogether by the astronomers who were watching for it, so that it is not a conspicuous object.

The comet is now in the constellation Ophiuchus, some distance west of the bright star Altair, and as it is steadily increasing in brightness it may become visible in quite small telescopes during the course of the summer.

It is disappointing that among all the comets now visible, and even those whose return is anticipated, there is none likely to give a really fine display. During the latter part of last century there was quite a series of fine naked-eye comets, sometimes following each other at such short intervals as three or four years, and observers may hope that the long "drought" of great comets will soon be broken by the appearance of some splendid celestial visitor.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Dinosaur Dy-no-sor
 Ophiuchus O-fe-u-kus
 Praxiteles Prax-it-e-leez

A RICH MAN BUYS A TRACT

Richard Baxter and the Red Indians

QUEER OLD READING BOOK WORTH A FORTUNE

Some two hundred and fifty years ago, when Charles the Second had just set the Royal Society on a scientific basis, a John Winthrop, who was Governor of the English Colony of Connecticut, was made an original Fellow of the Society.

There was nothing he valued so much, for he spoke with such great men as Christopher Wren and Isaac Newton, and was honoured in their company.

About that time there was a great movement to teach the Red Indians religion as well as to educate them. An Indian dictionary was compiled so that they might learn, and a Bible was written in their tongue. But, very curiously, the most earnest of all the attempts to raise their thoughts to higher things was the translation of Richard Baxter's tract, *Call to the Unconverted*, into the Indian tongue. An odd sort of ABC book, surely, for these people! Governor Winthrop was greatly interested, and was chiefly concerned in the distribution of this tract among the poor Indians.

Unhappily nearly all the Indian Bibles were lost or burned and of the tract only one copy remains complete. This was the copy John Winthrop sent to the Royal Society, on whose shelves it has remained these two hundred years, almost unnoticed. It was found some years ago by Mr. T. E. James, of the Royal Society's staff, and its history was traced. It has lately been bought by an American collector for £6800, and probably no tract ever written fetched more. It is a little book of fewer than a hundred pages, in cardboard covers.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 4

1925

Not So Bad

THE roses are out again. Our pessimist was looking at one and saying *The world is not so bad, after all.*

He is right. The world is not so bad in June. Roses and sunshine and laughter—are they not all worth while? The pessimist may say that roses have thorns, that it will rain again, that tears will always follow laughter; but would life not be dull without its shadows? Should we value the sunshine if it were always with us? Would not roses lose their charm if we could pick them every day of the year?

As we go through life we are sometimes discouraged, and wonder if it is all worth while. That is where the pessimist comes in with his everlasting croak. And that is when it is good to count our blessings.

The world has its disappointments; it is full of discouragements and tears at times; but where is the life that has not more joys than sorrows, more hope than despair, more blessings than curses? For every disappointment we have all a hundred joys. They are so many that we forget to count them. A child remembers the times it has cried, but forgets the times it has laughed. We complain when the rain spoils our pleasure; we take a fine day for granted and forget to be thankful.

There was a man who was discontented at home and set out to seek happiness. For years he wandered from place to place, throwing up everything after a month or two. There was always something wrong. Sometimes he did not like his work, sometimes he did not like the place, sometimes he fancied the climate did not suit him. Always discontent filled him, and sent him forth in new directions.

Then one day, when the years had passed and he was an elderly man, he found himself back at the village by the sea from where he had started. He rubbed his eyes and gazed around him with amazement. Never had he seen a place so beautiful. The sea was so blue; the sky was so clear behind the white-washed cottages on the shore; the gorse lay like a carpet of gold on the cliffs.

So different was it all from the place he had left that he stopped an old man passing by and asked if the village had not changed a great deal. "No; it has been the same the last fifty years," said the passer-by.

The same! And he had stayed away all those years because he had not had eyes to see!

The world is not so bad if we look at it in the right way. Open your eyes and it is good to be alive. Count your blessings every day you see a rose, and remember them when you feel the thorn.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Point From the Eighth Century

ONE of the distinctions of these days is that honours are widely given to men who are captains of trade. We know that there would be neither employment, nor food, nor money to buy books, pictures, and concert tickets, nor civilisation itself, without trade; yet perhaps we are inclined to think that the ennoblement of traders is a new thing. We imagine that in the old days men were made knights and earls only for heroic deeds done in battle.

History shows that this is not so. Even in the eighth century the merchant was recognised as the benefactor of his fellow islanders, for we have just come across the fact that by the law of Ina any man who made three journeys across the sea with his own ship and goods, though he were by birth a serf, should be given the rank of a thane.



The Fourth of July

All over America today they are thinking of three men: Washington, Lincoln, and Wilson

The World Forgetting, by the World Forgot

UNDER the lee of the downs, in a forgotten valley, stands a little hamlet whose lanes never have held, and never could hold, a motor-car. Its stone farmhouse, with mullioned windows overlooking an orchard, and its rose-wreathed cottages gazing over meadows belong to the quiet days of Thomas Hardy's Wessex novels.

You hope, as you pass through, that the people who live here match the lovely simplicity of the place, and there is a tombstone at the back of the churchyard which confirms your hope. On the stone there is sculptured a man in modern dress surrounded by birds and squirrels, which he is feeding. Evidently he was a naturalist who loved to study living things rather than to kill them to decorate his house with stuffed specimens. His epitaph says that he died repeating those words of Jesus, unsurpassed by any poet:

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

If those he has left behind are men of the same pattern, this hamlet in the valley must be nearer Heaven than any peak of the Himalayas.

He Who Will Abolish War

It is the idealist who has abolished slavery, and it is he who will abolish war.

Dr. Frank Crane

The Lady and the Brain

DR. FAIRFIELD OSBORN, the veteran American geologist, has been repeating a story which Professor Huxley delighted to tell of himself. He was delivering his popular address on the brain, and, as lecturers will do, he picked on one elderly lady in the front row as the most intelligent member of the audience to address. When the lecture ended the lady advanced for a question, and said: "Professor, there is one point you did not make quite clear to us. *Is the brain inside or outside of the skull?*"

Tip-Cat

A LOT of things, we are assured, can be learned from China. One thing is that it is easier broken than mended.

ONE of our readers lives by Mr. Hook and Mr. Crook. That is to say, he lives by hook or by crook.

THE writer who says he likes to listen to the summer is probably now having a heated argument with it.

DOCTORS are advised to get away from too much belief in the medicine bottle. But they are kept to it by physical force.

IN his youth Lord Birkenhead wanted to be a poet. But as he could not grow enough hair he took to a wig.

A SPEAKER urges us never to listen to a pessimist. Then how are we to find out that he is one?

AN American scientist says long-legged men have the best brains. Men with short legs should get somebody to pull them.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH says he does not care if Waterloo Bridge falls into the river. Yet if it does he will never get over it.

Missing Gramophone Records

WE are greatly interested in the experiments that are being made with gramophones in schools, but we wish there were not such extraordinary gaps in the gramophone catalogues. It is beyond our understanding that the great producers of gramophone records will not give us the wonderful *Pastoral Symphony* and the *Amen* of Handel's *Messiah*, and the *Thanks be to God* from *Elijah*. Perhaps Sir Landon Ronald or Mr. Percy Scholes can tell us why this is.

And, though Sir Walford Davies has for years been introducing gramophones in the schools of Wales, not one of his schools can get a record of his most beautiful setting of John of Gaunt's speech in *Shakespeare*, one of the finest patriotic and musical possessions that any school could have.

Our Country

By Our Country Girl

SHE is not dear because her fields are fair,
Though men might die for these;
She is not dear because her ships are famed,

The darlings of the seas;
She is not dear because her hand is strong,
Her forehead crowned with gold,
But she is dear for something never seen
And hardly to be told.

SHE is most dear because her soul is stern,
She plays a champion's part,
A peril or a hardship could not turn

That high, unfaltering heart.
If ever England can forgive a lie,
Or cowards count as men,
May she be sunk beneath the mournful sea;
She is not England then.

Wendy

The Tale of a Name

ONE of the prettiest touches in the Peter Pan story is the name of Wendy. It does not seem that any other name could belong to the little girl who stole our hearts away the first time we saw her part played. Wendy is just right. We heard the other day how she came to be christened.

There was a little girl called Margaret Henley. Her father was our patriot poet, the friend of Robert Louis Stevenson and many other writers of the last generation. Her mother has died, and now Margaret, long since grown up, is left with memories only of both father and mother.

Sir J. M. Barrie, long before he created Peter Pan, was a regular visitor at the Henley home. That was in Margaret's little days, and she used to call him Uncle James Matthew. She would watch for his coming and run downstairs and catch his arm and say, "Now, Uncle James Matthew, please tell me a story."

One day Barrie said, "That's a terrible long awkward name you have for me. How could anyone called Uncle James Matthew tell nice stories?"

Little Margaret ran away and thought about it for quite a time; then she came back and said: "I'm finding you ever such a nice name—Friend, or Friendly-Wendy, or something. It's much better than Uncle James Matthew, isn't it?"

"Much," said Barrie, and the terrible long awkward name clung to him no more.

As time went on, Barrie found that Wendy was a nicer name than Margaret, and Friendly-Wendy got beautifully mixed up between them. They ended by sharing it, turn and turn about.

When Sir James Barrie wrote Peter Pan there was, of course, only one name for the heroine; and so that delightful word has crept into our literature by way of little Margaret Henley and Uncle James Matthew.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If a broad bean
has been abroad

July 4, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE FIVE SISTERS MOST FAMOUS WINDOW IN ENGLAND

The Memory of 1400 Women
Who Died for their Country

A UNIQUE MEMORIAL

A war memorial which stands out among the thousands already set up has been unveiled at York. It is to the gallant band of women of the Empire who gave their lives in the Great War. In case we should forget that fourteen hundred women died for honour's sake during these terrible years, the Five Sisters Window at York Minster will remind us.

This memorial is glorious in a two-fold sense. It is the only reminder of the women's sacrifice; it is in itself, this window of the Five Sisters, a piece of work that is peerless. So that now we have two inspiring and beautiful things put together: the old glory of English genius, the new glory of honour paid to women of England and her Empire.

The Most Famous Stained Glass

The Five Sisters is the name affectionately given to a work of sheer genius, this window composed of five tall, slender lights, that stands in the north wall of the north transept of York Minster. This great cathedral of the north, which was the largest in England till the new Liverpool Cathedral rivalled it, is famous all over the world for its glass. There are a hundred windows belonging to the thirteenth and fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when glass work was wrought which made the name of Britain great in Europe. Nothing has been made like it since.

Chief in this treasure house of an ancient and lost art is the Five Sisters Window. Even were there no coloured lights in it, the shape alone would be a joy for ever, a thing of loveliness. The story goes that the design for the shafts of light was first woven in tapestry by five sisters who lived out their fragrant, secluded lives in Marygate, close by the venerable Minster.

In the War Zone

During the war, when a bomb dropped terribly near the Minster, these lovely lights were taken down and stored in a safe place. Then it was seen that a thorough repair, both to the glass and the lead, would be necessary before the lights were restored to their place; and, of course, money was needed.

In the winter of 1922 it occurred to a lady of York, the wife of Colonel Blake-way Little, that it would be a happy idea were the Five Sisters Window to be restored by the women of the Empire in memory of their glorious dead. Mrs. Little and Mrs. Edwin Gray, of York, who shouldered the organisation of the scheme together, should have our deathless gratitude for working out a magnificent plan.

Across the Seven Seas

They had no need to beg. As soon as the idea was known, letters of appreciation of the Five Sisters came from across the Seven Seas, from remote corners of the globe, begging to be allowed to help. The necessary three thousand pounds was soon found, and now, after ten years of boarded spaces on that famous wall, we may see the pale, lovely light drift in through those slender shafts with their lovely designs of ivy leaves for love and maple leaves for victory. The windows have been re-leaded throughout with thirteenth-century lead, taken from Rievaulx Abbey.

A DOWNPOUR IN AFRICA

WE think the mountains of Britain terrible rain-makers when we hear of rainfalls of 80 or 100 inches in a year. In Zululand it rained over 90 inches in about six months, 60 inches in March, and 32 inches in one week!

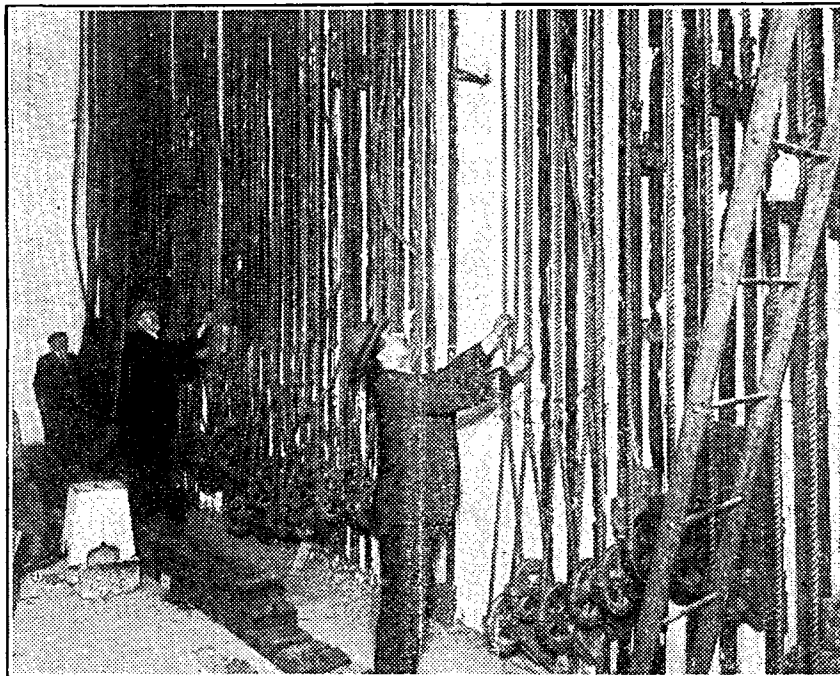
A South African correspondent sends us an account of some of the damage done by this downpour not only in Zululand, but in other parts of Natal. A new bridge over the Tugela, costing nearly £32,000, and only opened last year, was swept away. A railway bridge over the Umfolosi was buried under four feet of sand. In a distance of 60 miles three new rivers have made

their appearance. What was once a good highway is now for miles together a stretch of thick black mud, and there are gaps in the road 10 feet deep.

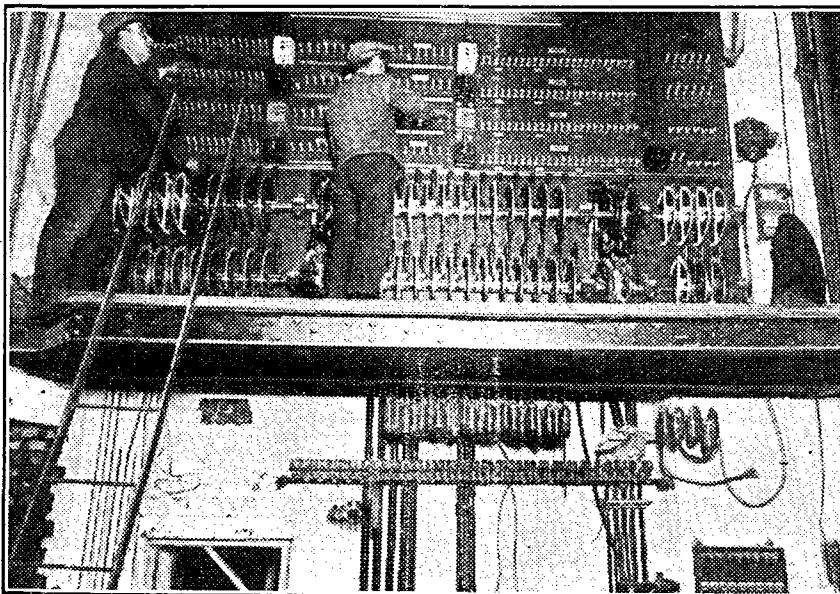
Huge gaps have appeared in the mountain-sides, and thousands of tons of earth and boulders (one 50 tons by itself) have come hurtling down into the valleys. Crops are ruined everywhere, and there will be much distress among the natives when they have come to the end of the rotting "mealies" they have saved from the wreckage of their farms.

After this our grumbles at the rainfall in London seem a little out of place.

THE MACHINERY OF THE MODERN STAGE



Some of the ninety lines for moving the scenery



The board with over 300 switches for controlling 1000 lights

A modern stage is an elaborate piece of machinery, with all kinds of wonderful devices for shifting the scenery quickly, and lighting up any or every part, as desired. In these pictures we see behind the stage at a wonderful new theatre in Liverpool which has cost £200,000 to build and contains every kind of modern mechanism

GETTING RID OF THE TRAFFIC

THE desperate traffic jams that delay us so terribly in getting about London are going to be tackled (some day), and some of them at any rate will be got rid of.

The London Traffic Committee appointed by Parliament to put things right has decided to establish a subway for vehicles across Trafalgar Square from Charing Cross Road to Whitehall. Part of the money will be found out of the Road Fund, which is made up out of motor licences. When the North and South streams of traffic are taken underground by the tunnel the East and West traffic will be able to cross above them.

Another great scheme is the joining-up and widening of streets running more or less in a line, parallel to Oxford Street and Marylebone Road and relieving them both, from Islington to Bayswater Road. This street is ultimately to be extended till it is fifteen miles long. Another road is under discussion to avoid the jam at the Elephant and Castle.

It will take years and years and a tremendous lot of money to make these changes, but who will say that they will not be worth while? Our greeting to the children who will live to see them.

THE NEW VICTORY OF WATERLOO

A TRIUMPH OF TOIL

How 600 Tons of Steel was
Put Into its Place

THE GREAT SPAN OF THE BRIDGE

New Waterloo Bridge, a raw youth, now straddles the Thames by the side of his solemn and venerable parent, the Waterloo Bridge that Rennie built a hundred years ago.

For all those years the great old bridge has been doing a man's work, and his latest, if not his last, public work has been to lend a hand to his young successor—a successor who will soon, we hope, give place to the old bridge, strengthened and renewed. On his broad chest the big central span of the new bridge, 600 tons in weight, containing 280 feet of hardened steel, has been put together. At four o'clock one morning the old bridge without a tremor braced itself while the steel span was slid away from it to the supporting pillars of the new temporary bridge, ninety feet away.

How it was Done

This was the way it was done. Imagine first the great arch of the span resting on Waterloo Bridge. Parts of the temporary bridge are built out into the river, but between the pillars on which the central span is to rest is a gap. The new span has to be placed on them. They are each ninety feet away from Waterloo Bridge, so that the span has to be pushed or carried over that space.

Girders were built from each end of the temporary bridge's gap to where the ends of the span rested on the bridge. On these girders a double line of rails was laid. The span was to be slid along them till it rested on its supporting pillars. The plan sounds simple, but none but engineers can understand the exactness with which every inch of that ninety feet journey had to be made, or the care taken to ensure that everything should go evenly.

Six Inches at a Time

The span was moved, not by pushing, because that would have been impossible, but by pulling. The span, resting on wheeled bogey trucks, was hauled on pulleys inch by inch along the rails and across the gap. The engineer, Mr. Kirkwood, blew three blasts on a whistle. Then a white flag fluttered out, and two gangs of men (one at each end of the span itself) hauled. Another whistle. A red flag showed. The span had moved six inches!

So, six inches at a time, it moved forward with perfect evenness on each side towards its supports for four hours! At half-time there was a longer pause, for this was the critical moment. The span was half-way across, and as good as resting on the supports of the new structure; and it could be seen whether the supports could manage the burden.

The Task Accomplished

They could. They were carefully examined and measured. They had only sunk a quarter of an inch. Everything was all right, and we can imagine the thankfulness of Sir John Hunter and the other engineers. After that the work was speeded up. The movement of the span had been carefully regulated by brakes, but now these were not so necessary, so that by midday the span was in place and nothing remained but to lower it to its supporting pillars.

A WORD FOR A GREAT RACE

C.N. AND THE STRANGERS IN OUR GATE

The Good Work Done Among Us by Our Jewish Citizens

ONE PHASE OF A BIG QUESTION

A short time ago the C.N. published an article on the Alien question as it affects London. The subject was treated broadly with no intention of giving it a distinctly racial significance. It is a world question, more acute in some countries than in Great Britain. But some of our Jewish readers have appropriated what was said as if it were a Jewish question only.

We had no such intention. Nothing could be farther from our thoughts than to take part in the age-long scandal of Jew-baiting. The C.N. is not that sort of paper. It loves humanity and believes in all good people.

The Jews of the East-End

We have from time to time pictured the high historic value of the great Jewish race, its qualities, tenacity, sufferings, and triumphs. And though we do not think any repetition of these tributes is needed in a broad and brief discussion of a public question, we are not unwilling to give a Jewish view of the economic and other values of the Jewish population of the East-End.

The Jewish claim is that, whatever may be said of other types of our alien arrivals, the present East-End Jewish population is sober, industrious, charitable, thrifty, and ambitious, and that its family life is a model for the working classes of other faiths. Its care for its children is notable. They are well fed, well dressed, and well educated.

As regards industries, the Jews claim that they have brought to this country trades of greater value than those brought by other immigrants. They have revolutionised the men's clothing trade, and introduced mantle making for women, and the waterproof clothing trade. The cigarette trade (which the C.N. does not think highly of!) is largely in Jewish hands, and wholesale cabinet and furniture making, including a large export trade, is almost a Jewish industry.

Citizens and Aliens

Of the productive and business activities of the Jewish population there is, of course, no doubt, though these are by no means the most important contributions of the race to mankind's achievements. The Hebrew stock has produced spiritual, philosophical, and artistic values which suggest that it is well, while racial faith and traditions are preserved, that the Jew should not remain an alien detached in the land he may adopt, but should take up the responsibilities of full citizenship. Many do, we are glad to say; some do not, and these thereby add to the difficulties of the general alien problem, which the C.N. discussed, and which Jewish criticism is too apt to appropriate entirely to itself.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

A Louis XVI ewer and dish	£1207
A Vineiro gold war medal	£950
A Louis XV library table	£388
A 15th-century English MS.	£300
A Louis XVI mantel clock	£225
Pair of Chinese porcelain figures	£210
The North American Atlas, 1777	£165
Two Queen Anne bowls	£76
Old Venetian amber casket	£69
A teapot of George I period	£57

MEMORIES OF KHAMA

Fine Tribute by Natives to Great Bechuana Chief

A HILLSIDE MEMORIAL

King Khama, the great chief of the Bamangwato people, who during his long life showed how good a Christian and how great a man a native South African could be, is not forgotten.

At Serowe, his capital in Bechuana-land, the Prince of Wales has unveiled a memorial to Khama, the funds for which came almost entirely from the natives.

Miss Ella Sharp, who for 25 years has been a schoolmistress in Khama's country, for the London Missionary Society, and has just come back to England for a holiday, tells us that this memorial is in the form of a bronze antelope on a white marble pedestal. The antelope was chosen because it is the symbol of the tribe.

The Guarded Rock Tomb

When Khama died in February, 1923, the young men of his tribe set to work to provide a fitting resting-place for their late chief. Day and night they laboured on a rocky hillside near Serowe, clearing a level place for the grave and making a path up to it, and having to blast a good deal of the rock. For nearly two and a half years before the unveiling of the memorial two of them stood sentry beside the grave, while two more guarded the path up to it.

Khama's widow, who was his fourth wife and much younger than her husband, lives in a house with a ten-foot veranda, having gauze curtains all round it. She used to be a teacher in Miss Sharp's school, and still carries on classes for the girls of Serowe, which has 30,000 inhabitants.

Khama's son, Sekomi, was banished for some time, but is now proving a much better ruler than many expected.

THE C.P. WORKING TOYS

George Stephenson's Engine

The C.N.'s sister, the Children's Pictorial, is filled with good things again this week.

There is an excellent model of Stephenson's engine Locomotion No. 1, which can be made up to run along the table; and in the same issue is told the story of that memorable scene one hundred years ago when the first real railway was opened.

The weekly Nature Map, which shows natural events taking place throughout Britain, is more interesting than ever, and there is no wonder that it has become as popular in the school as it is in the home. Nothing like it has ever been done before.

There are pages and pages of pictures and stories and articles, and if you like the C.N. you are sure to like the C.P. Buy a copy now. On sale everywhere, price 2d.

WASTED MILLIONS

Money That Goes Up in Smoke

What is the world's annual consumption of tobacco? The poorer the world gets the greater this waste appears to be.

In the United States this year it is estimated that 73,000 million cigarettes will be made. Ten years ago 56,000 millions less was enough to satisfy the demand. In Germany during the past ten years the number made has risen from 12,000 millions to 23,000 millions; while in Japan there has been an increase from 7000 millions to 23,000 millions.

Figures for Britain are unavailable, but at the recent Tobacco Exhibition in London was shown a machine that turned out 800 cigarettes a minute.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



Today 350,000 men and 50,000 women over 65 are still wage-earners in Britain.

A fireproofing factory in Ohio has been burned to the ground.

The London Fire Brigade recently answered 30 calls in 24 hours, of which only one was of a serious nature.

The F.A.F.

The Pearson Fresh Air Fund last year gave 136,000 children a day in the country and 3300 a fortnight.

Canada's Flag

The Canadian people are to be allowed to submit ideas for a new Dominion flag for use on land.

Hull to Abolish Level Crossings

Hull is to abolish nine level crossings at a cost of £1,250,000. About 35,000 vehicles are held up daily by them.

A Precious Pearl

One of the most precious pearls in the world has been found by a boy diver of the Gambier Islands in the South Pacific.

Never Seen the Sea

Mrs. Harriett Bedford, who has died at Sheffield, aged 94, had never seen the sea and had never been in a railway train.

The White Blackberry

In answer to a challenge Luther Burbank, the Californian plant wizard, has produced a white blackberry.

Saving Seven Days

A weekly service of commercial aeroplanes is to be started by the Government between Egypt and India. It will save seven days.

A Snake in the Path

Traffic on Keston Common, Kent, was held up for several minutes the other day while a motor-omnibus driver attacked a snake in the road.

Seven Million Lost Days

A big strike in Denmark which came to an end lately is estimated to have wasted 7,000,000 working days and to have cost £8,000,000.

Dinosaur Eggs in the Snow

Mr. R. C. Andrews, who found the dinosaur eggs in Mongolia, reports that he has found some more there, though his expedition has suffered great hardships in the snow.

A Long Ride and a Safe One

Mr. John Turner, of Selby, who has just retired after 55 years' service on the railway, drove his engine over 1,900,000 miles without an accident. He was a well-known Selby cricketer.

Good Apples for Good Causes

Our good friend Mr. Lake of Bridgetown has sent us once more 30 cases of apples from his farm in Bridgetown, West Australia, and the Editor has distributed them among the children of various institutions.

GIRTON'S PIONEERS

A Reminder of Old Days

A correspondent recalls the fact that the name of Miss Louisa Innes Lumsden, which appeared in the latest Honours List, sends us back to a time, fifty years ago, when the status of women was very different from now.

For Miss Lumsden was one of the first three girls to pass the Tripos examination at Cambridge. It was in 1872 that a group of young women at Girton College petitioned the University Senate to allow them to sit for the examination, and three of them, Miss Lumsden, Miss Woodhead, and Miss Rachel Cook, were successful.

Their triumph is commemorated in the "national anthem" of Girton, which is sung at every reunion in the college, and includes these lines, sung to the tune of The British Grenadiers:

*And of all the Cambridge heroes
There's no one that compares
With Woodhead, Cook, and Lumsden,
The Girton Pioneers.*

A SCHOOL'S OLD AGE

Kendal and its Centuries MASTER AT TEN POUNDS A YEAR

Kendal High School has begun to commemorate its age with vigour. Four hundred are the number of its years. There are not many schools that can point with pride to such a life, and claim a present that is as successful as the brightest parts of its past.

The headmaster and staff have been receiving the later generations of old boys at an "at home," and further celebrations of the school's fine history will be held in the autumn.

Four hundred years is not an extreme age for an English school, but it is an honourable count, as some dates will show. Kendal's 1525 is well beaten by Sir Isaac Newton's school at Grantham (1329), by Winchester (1382), Eton (1440), and the City of London (1442); but it almost takes precedence in the school-forming sixteenth century, where it is only beaten by St. Paul's (1509), and tied by Sedbergh (1552). Later old schools that remain famous include Shrewsbury (1552), Christ's Hospital (1552), Repton (1557), Westminster (1560), Rugby (1567), Dulwich (1619), and Harrow (1571).

Limiting the Scholars

Kendal School was founded by Adam Pennyngton, a Boston man, who gave its master a salary of ten pounds a year, equal to about £180 now. Edward the Sixth confirmed this grant, and Elizabeth nearly doubled it.

Kendal was a free school, and became so popular that in 1641 the entry of scholars had to be limited to those who could read the Prayer-book. For 300 years the school remained in buildings erected in 1588, and then, in 1888, was removed to its present site, where it has been extended and kept up-to-date.

Loyalty to a school is a fine test both of a school and its scholars, and all who are interested in school life will congratulate Kendal on duly honouring a worthy school history.

CRUELTY THAT SHOULD BE STOPPED

The Poor Rabbits

A Scottish reader writes that she is glad to see the C.N. taking up the case of trapped animals, and she begs us to come nearer home and say a word for the rabbits of our own land.

For many years they have been cruelly trapped; one only has to look at their mangled legs in the shops to know how they must suffer from the cruel traps. Our correspondent feels that the R.S.P.C.A. does not seem to be able to do anything and that the cruelty cannot be prevented except by making it illegal.

We welcome our correspondent's letter. The beginning of reform must always come through plain exposure of what is wrong. Habit has such a hold upon us all that even cruelties, if they are habitual, are not seen by the kind-hearted. We have all been insensible to evils through sheer dulness of vision till they have been pointed out to us by keener eyes and more sensitive natures. The trapping of any wild creature in cruel ways is a gross wrong that will not bear thinking of. Mankind cannot stop short of being humane without injuring its own soul.

The C.N. hopes that any readers who have influence with Members of Parliament will write and protest against the terrible cruelty to rabbits which is practised with impunity on all hands, though it is quite unEnglish.

July 4, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

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SNAKE IN A HAT REPTILES ABOUNDING IN INDIA

Interesting Experiences of
C.N. Readers

CHASING AND MESMERISING

A note in a recent C.N. about the conflicting evidence respecting snakes in India has brought us some interesting letters from readers.

We asked, as regards two ladies, one of whom had only seen two snakes in seven years, and another who was constantly coming across them in all parts of her house and premises, whether the one was unobservant or the other inclined to exaggerate.

With unanimity our latest correspondents, who have had wide experience of India, reply that both the original correspondents tell the truth, and neither exaggerates.

The evidence to this effect is conclusive. It is agreed by our friendly readers who know, that the one lady has gathered her experience in cities, where, amid houses that are not surrounded by vegetation affording cover, anyone may live for years and never see a snake. The other has lived where the conditions for snake life closely approach the houses, and so snakes abound.

Coiled Inside a Sun-Hat

How much they abound is shown by a number of incidents vouched for by our correspondents from their personal experience. Thus a lady who has lived in Ceylon for many years has known a snake to be coiled inside a sun-hat, whose owner did not know it was there until he had worn the hat for some minutes. She has had snakes killed in every room in her house; has found them in a drawer and behind the books on a shelf. On the other hand, she has known residents who have hardly ever seen snakes. Much depends on the situation of the house.

Another India correspondent writes: "Snakes soon disappear from places where their natural cover has been eliminated. The jungle is their natural home, and thick hedges and old crumbling walls harbour them. I have found them everywhere under conditions favourable to them. I have known one to flash in at one door and out at another door, passing underneath my table as I sat at breakfast. I have found the slough of a snake lying fresh and moist across my slippers underneath my bed."

Snakes that Mesmerise

"The thick prickly pear hedges which used to enclose the compounds of the older bungalows were great resorts for snakes. You could hardly take a morning walk, after a moonlight night, without crossing the tracks in the dust of the roads where snakes had passed from hedge to hedge."

One of our correspondents gives us experiences of huge and deadly pythons in Natal, a province from which we are constantly receiving snake news. Some of the Natal snakes have the reputation of pursuing children, and other species are believed to mesmerise by their gaze.

As regards the variation of experience in India, there is no doubt that our courteous correspondents have brought truth up from the bottom of its well, and we thank them for their championship of candour in observation, however contradictory its conclusions may seem.

THE GENTLEMEN WITH THE DUSTER

The three million books in the library of the British Museum stand on 53 miles of shelves, and thirty people are always working to keep them dusted. Even then it is reckoned that each book gets dusted only once in 18 months.

FINDING THE ELEMENTS

Two Discovered, Three
Still Missing

A TRUE FAIRY TALE OF SCIENCE

In Prussia the chemists, released from the horrors of war, have found two new elements which it may be hoped will never do any harm to anyone. It does not seem likely that they can, because they exist in such small quantities among other elements that they have escaped notice for many years, in spite of all efforts to find them. The discoverers have called them masurium and rhenium, in honour first of the Masurian lakeland in East Prussia, and secondly of the Rhine.

The reason new elements are so hard to find is that the missing ones exist in such very small quantities that they are almost like impurities in some other element already known.

It has become easier to find them because, owing to the new ideas of the character of the atoms of elements, and the way they are built up from electrons, it has become simpler to know where to look for them, and how to detect them.

Lightest and Heaviest Atoms

There are in all 92 elements running from hydrogen, with the lightest atom, to uranium, with the heaviest. In a broad way one might say of them that the series of elements is like a series of whole numbers running from 1 to 92, and that the number of an element is the same as the number of electrons in its atom. Until the Prussian discovery all the places in the table were filled except 43, 61, 75, 85, and 87.

In this table the elements group themselves in rows or lines, each member of which has a likeness to other elements of that family. Thus, 43 and 75 would bear a family resemblance to manganese. Number 61 would be a rare earth like the cerium of gas mantles, 85 would be one of the chlorine group, and 87 an alkali metal something like radium.

The two elements found by the Prussian chemists are 43 and 75, and they were got chiefly out of mineral substances where platinum was present. Only tiny quantities have been distilled out by chemical means, and their identity has been proved, or so it is believed, by the instrument which detects the elements in the stars, the spectroscope.

CHITTA RANJAM DAS India Loses a Famous Man HOME RULE LEADER WHO RENOUNCED VIOLENCE

A man who made a permanent mark on Indian history has passed away in Chitta Ranjam Das, leader of the Home Rule movement in Bengal.

Das had the courage of his convictions. He came of a high caste, graduated at Calcutta University, and, giving up a lucrative practice at the Indian Bar, made his princely mansion the headquarters of the Home Rule agitation while he and his wife lived in a cottage.

From being Gandhi's lieutenant he became far more powerful than Gandhi. His party gained the majority in the Bengal Legislative Council, and he himself became Lord Mayor of Calcutta last year.

It is regrettable that Das died just after he had come to realise that his policy of keeping aloof from British authority was hopeless, that violence was waste of time and energy, and that "a real change of heart everywhere" was the end to aim at.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What is the Size of the Sun?

The Sun is 867,000 miles in diameter, and its volume, or cubic contents, is 339,300 million million cubic miles.

Is the Colour of the Cheeks Due to Blood or Pigment?

It is due to blood, and a healthy complexion depends upon a healthy circulation.

Is Hungary a Kingdom or a Republic?
Hungary may be described as a kingdom without a king, the monarchical functions being performed by a regent.

What is the Greatest Depth a Diver has Ever Gone?

The greatest depth reached by divers is 35 fathoms, or 210 feet, but few divers can work at so great a depth as 150 feet.

What is the Origin of the Term Boot-legger?

This name for one who deals illegally in alcoholic liquor in America originated in the idea of hiding a bottle or flask of drink in the legs of a pair of high riding boots.

Are Cats and Tigers in Any Way Related?

Yes; they are two species of the genus *Felis* in the great cat family, which includes also lions, leopards, jaguars, pumas, ounces, servals, caracals, lynxes, and cheetahs.

What is a Diatonic Scale?

Diatonic is the name given in musical language to a succession of notes in which the whole tones predominate, and a diatonic scale is a standard scale, major or minor.

What are the Ten Substances Composing the Scale of Hardness?

They are: 1. Talc. 2. Gypsum. 3. Calcite. 4. Fluorspar. 5. Apatite. 6. Orthoclase. 7. Quartz. 8. Topaz. 9. Corundum. 10. Diamond.

Why Do the Jews Keep the Seventh Day as the Sabbath?

The law given by Moses enjoined it, and in their sacred writings the Story of the Creation declared that God after creating the world rested on the seventh day.

Who Was Chrononhotonthologos?

A burlesque pompous character in Henry Carey's farce of that name, first performed in 1734. He is the King of Queerummania, and his name is now used as a nickname for any bombastic talker.

Is the Kingfisher Found in Ireland and What are its Eggs Like?

The kingfisher is very widespread in Ireland and nests in every county, but in most of them it is a scarce bird. The eggs are pure glossy white and nearly spherical.

What was the Young Pretender's Flag in the 1745 Rising?

A large banner of red silk with a white space in the centre, but with no motto or emblems. The story that it had on it a crown and a coffin and the motto Tandem Triumphans (Triumphing at last) is not true.

Why do Weeds Grow More Quickly than Cultivated Plants?

They generally do so because they are the plants which find the soil and conditions ideal for their existence, whereas the cultivated plant is not native to the spot, but has been encouraged to grow there by man. If the spot were not suited to the weed, it would not be found growing there at all.

What is the Origin of Simnel Cakes?

Simnel cakes are rich cakes eaten in Lancashire in mid-Lent, and the name comes from the Latin *simila*, meaning fine flour. The eating of these cakes is in memory of the banquet given by Joseph to his brethren, the story of which forms the first Lesson of mid-Lent Sunday, and also in memory of the feeding of the 5000 by Jesus, which forms the Gospel for the day.

What is the Difference Between a Rector and a Vicar?

A rector is an incumbent of an ecclesiastical benefice who enjoys all the tithes, whereas a vicar draws only a part. Theoretically the owner of the tithes is the rector and the vicar is his deputy, but owners of tithes may be ecclesiastical corporations, or even laymen. As applied to clergymen in present-day usage vicars are not less important than rectors.

What is Grangerising?

Grangerising, also known as extra-illustrating, is the insertion in one book of pictures relating to its subject gathered from other books. Sometimes a work of one volume will in this way be extended to 16 or 17 volumes. The name comes from the Rev. James Granger, who never himself grangerised, but in 1769 published a Biographical History of England which was welcomed by extra-illustrators as a book particularly suited to their practice.

PARADE OF PLANETS

FOUR TO BE SEEN IN
THE EVENING SKY

Many Worlds in a Line with
the Earth

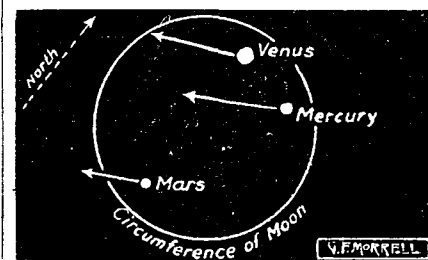
AN UNUSUAL DISPLAY

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, and Jupiter will provide an interesting celestial situation next week.

The first three appear remarkably close to one another, and less than the Moon's apparent width apart, on the evening of Friday, July 10. As all three set before half-past 10 o'clock, they will have to be sought in the twilight, soon after sunset.

About half-past nine Venus, much the brightest of the three planets, may be seen low in the west, some way to the left of where the Sun has set, and about 13 times the Moon's width above the horizon. This position can be approximately located by noting the height of the Sun above the horizon, and his



Venus, Mercury, and Mars on Friday, July 10

position relative to the objects of the landscape at about 8.20 p.m.

At 9.30 Venus will be at about the same altitude above the horizon but a little to the left of where the Sun was some 70 minutes before. Owing to her great brilliancy she should easily be found during the next half hour, during which time she will descend about half way to the horizon, in a sloping path toward where the Sun has set. But a very clear sky and an unobstructed view will be necessary.

Once Venus is found, Mercury and Mars may be noticed in close proximity; but owing to the bright twilight field, glasses will greatly help in identifying this concourse of worlds. They will appear close together in the field of view of the glasses.

Mercury will be below and to the right of Venus, while Mars will be still lower and slightly to the left of Venus, as shown in the picture, when they are in the relative positions which they will occupy, between 9 and 10 o'clock.

Mercury Passes Venus and Mars

The picture is on a very large scale, the circle indicating the relative apparent size of the disc of the Moon. The planets are moving in the direction of the arrows at different speeds, so that Mercury, the fleetest, will pass Venus about five hours later, and Mars about six hours later.

Of course, these worlds are not really close together. Actually Mercury is much nearer to us, about 110 million miles away; Venus is about 140 million; and Mars some 235 million miles. Mercury may be seen on the four following evenings, a little to the left of Venus.

On the same evening, July 10, Jupiter will be at his nearest to us, 386,435,000 miles away, and therefore at his brightest; his lustrous orb being the brightest object, due south, an hour after midnight. But he may be seen low in the south-east from about 9.30 p.m., after he has risen sufficiently.

So on Friday night our world will not only be in a line with Mercury, Venus, and Mars, but will also be directly between, and in a line with, Jupiter and the Sun.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening, Mercury, Venus, and Mars in the west, Saturn south-west, Jupiter south-east.

COPPER MOUNTAIN

Adventurous Days Among the Eskimos

What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of the early chapters appeared in last week's issue.

CHAPTER 19

The Whaling Expedition

OLE turned to Captain Atkinson, and asked: "How long do you reckon you will be gone on this whaling trip?"

"I can't spare more than a month to it," answered the whaler. "I don't know that it's worth that much time, either. Whalebone isn't of much value now that some tender-foot who never saw a whale has invented a substitute for it."

"I know," responded Ole. "That is why I gave up whaling."

"Like many another man," returned the captain bitterly. "We are all peddling sugar and matches to the natives now that are better off without them, getting furs for women to wear round their necks down in civilisation. Still, for the sake of old times, I mean to go out after those whales. I'll get a few barrels of oil, anyway."

"Have you the proper gear for a whale hunt?" asked Ole.

"Oh, yes," replied the captain. "I always carry that along. It's a sort of habit. I'm short-handed, though. Most of my men are merely sailors." He looked speculatively at Oleson, whom he knew to be a first-class whaler. "I suppose you wouldn't care to come along, just for old time's sake? And this young man"—he indicated Timothy—"he looks husky, and he owes me something for bringing his flying-machine up here."

"Why not, Ole?" put in Timothy. "It sounds like a good adventure."

Ole nodded.

"It does, and I don't say I wouldn't like the feel of a harpoon in my hands once more. It will be at least a month before the rivers around here are opened up enough for umiak travel inland." His eyes fell on the appealing face of Thomas, who was standing speechless with apprehension that they might intend leaving him behind. "If Timothy Curwell and I ship with you for a month will you take young Tom, there? He's strong for his age, and no quitter."

"He's young," said Captain Atkinson, looking at the boy. "But if you two ship I'll take him along, if you think he'll stand up to it."

"No doubt about that," said Timothy. "The thing is to get our brother and sister to consent."

So they left it for the moment, Captain Atkinson hurrying off to superintend the unloading of the stores he had brought from civilisation in exchange for the Eskimos' furs.

Timothy's biplane, petrol, and other gear were also taken off, and the boy saw them safely to shore. When Christopher and Ellen saw the white-winged machine coming across the ice they merely laughed.

"One must at least give you credit for perseverance, Tim," said Christopher. "Though what you can do with that machine now you have got it here, I cannot for the life of me see. You haven't enough petrol for long flights, and if the thing goes to pieces where can you get new parts?"

"I should say Tim would be equal to most emergencies," said Ellen, admiring in spite of herself. "He's done wonders so far!"

Timothy said little, but busied himself with the storing of the beloved machine. Helped by the wonder-struck natives, he built a weather-proof cache, and tenderly wrapping his treasure in caribou hides and bear skins he put the plane and her gear away.

Tom, meanwhile, had been using all his arts of persuasion to get Ellen's consent to the trip.

Set down by John Halden

"I don't think you need worry, little lady," said Ole. "I'll take care of him. Captain Atkinson and I were 'prentice whalers together years ago, and I know him for reliable. While we are gone you and Christopher can stay comfortably here and he can make notes for his book. We'll be back in a few weeks."

At last Ellen gave her consent, which meant that Chris gave his, and, after a day of frenzied activity, getting fresh meat and furs on board and the trade articles off, Captain Atkinson announced he would sail early the next morning.

As the little boat sailed out through the ice in the grey twilight of dawn, Ellen stood waving from shore, Christopher's arm about her shoulders.

"Oh, Chris!" she cried. "Do you think we were right to let them go?"

"I think so," responded her brother gravely. "Ole is equal to any emergency, as we are not, and they are really safer in the Arctic in his hands than in ours."

CHAPTER 20

Adrift

"THIS reminds me of the old days," said Captain Atkinson to Ole.

The next day the little whaling ship ploughed her way through the ice into the Prince of Wales Sound.

"Whales were getting scarce when there was a big demand for whalebone. I've killed as many as sixty in a trip. We used to cut the baleen from the upper jaw right in the water, and set the carcass adrift. It would have maybe fifty barrels of oil in it, worth a thousand dollars, but we wouldn't stop to save that, for you could get, in those days, ten thousand for the bone, and we were off for another whale as soon as we'd got the baleen."

"Young whales are good eating, too," said Ole, in a reminiscent mood. "I hope we get one this trip. It tastes like beef."

"We'll pickle the 'black-skin.' That's good, too," said the captain. "The Eskimos eat it raw, and call it muk-tok."

The boys listened with interest to the reminiscences of the old whalers.

"I remember twenty years ago, when fourteen whaling ships wintered together at Herschel Island," said Atkinson. "Those were great days."

A sailor came up to the captain.

"Large bowhead whale sighted straight ahead, sir," he said, saluting.

"This is luck sooner than I expected," said Atkinson. "Get the boat ready to lower and follow him. You'll take the harpoon in one of them, Oleson?"

"Yes," answered the Scandinavian. "And let the boys take the oars in the same boat, will you? They're skilful at rowing, and I can depend on their obeying orders."

The boys got quickly into water-proofs, and stood by the boat's rail watching for the big fish. He had disappeared.

"Have we lost him, sir?" said Tom, as the captain passed.

"No; he's only gone down for a while. He'll be back again," answered Atkinson.

After half an hour or more of watching the whale's back appeared above the surface of the water, surprisingly close.

In a moment a white column of vapour shot up about twelve feet in the air.

"He's a big one, isn't he?" cried Tom, beside himself with excitement.

"Lower the boats!" shouted the captain, and Timothy and Thomas scrambled into their places. They had been coached by Ole what to do, and soon found themselves with

him, the mate, and two sailor oarsmen afloat on the water.

The whale had dived again and was nowhere to be seen.

Tom looked about him. The little vessel had been working her way about in the open spaces of water between huge icebergs, many of them bigger than city blocks across, and towering higher than her masts.

As he waited for the whale to appear again he wondered idly what Christopher and Ellen might be doing.

These, had the boy known it, were also engaged with a whale, though in a less dangerous manner.

Hunting for foxes the day after the boys' departure they had suddenly sighted several engaged in digging at a mound of snow on the shore.

"Odd there should be so many together," thought Ellen, as Christopher took aim. "There must be something to eat under that snow."

So a little digging proved. A dead whale had been washed up the summer before, and the foxes were gorging themselves on the frozen meat.

There was great rejoicing in the Eskimo village on the Sound when Christopher reported their find that night.

"A stranded whale means many foxes and bears," said Yumak. "We will trap the foxes, spear the bears, and have a fortune in furs for the next trader who comes. Even if we run out of other supplies, we can eat the whale meat."

Busy days followed. White, red, and cross-foxes were trapped in abundance.

"You'll have fur coats that will be the envy of the neighbours if we can get these back to civilisation," remarked Christopher to his sister.

"This is surely much better than chasing whales in the open sea," she replied. "I do hope the boys are all right."

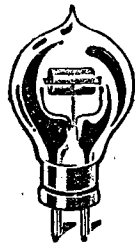
At this moment, much farther north, Timothy pointed out a low white line of ice to the west of them.

"That should be Banks Island, or the land-fast ice about it," he said, as in the rocking small boat they waited for the whale to reappear.

He came up finally where Ole's practised eye had expected to see him, and blew a tall spout of vapour into the air.

"Straight ahead, boys!" shouted the mate then; and Timothy and Thomas with the others bent to their oars, Ole standing upright, with the harpoon which was fixed ready for firing, at the end of the boat.

They followed the wake of the huge animal, whose back was just above the water. When he had gone down again the mate as "boat-header," had seen enough to calculate the place of his probable re-appearance. He gave orders for the boat to be rowed to that spot.



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After about twenty minutes the whale again reappeared to take air. This time the spouting, as the mate had intended, was within a few yards of them.

"Straight across his nose!" he shouted.

Tom drew a long breath of excitement as they made the long effort with the oars, and drove the frail-seeming boat across the huge creature's eyes.

At this moment Ole leaned over and fired.

As the point of the harpoon entered the animal's big neck, Timothy could scarcely restrain his excitement.

"That'll hold him!" he whispered to himself.

It did not hold him. The whale turned flukes, throwing his tail into the air, and dived straight for a narrow channel of open water between two icebergs.

"Missed the spine!" whispered Timothy, knowing that that is the only shot that will kill instantly.

"After him!" shouted the mate.

The boys strained at their oars. Ole, who had instantly disengaged his harpoon handle, let out the rope that remained attached to the harpoon head in the whale's neck.

The rope whizzed as the animal shot through the channel of open water.

"Where is he taking us?" thought Timothy, for as the boat was being towed at a great speed by the wounded whale, he merely held to his oars.

Glancing swiftly over his shoulder he saw that the other boats and the ship were nowhere in sight. This was not surprising, however, for they were now speeding through a narrow canyon of ice in the wake of the whale.

Suddenly the rope in Ole's hands slackened. The whale had stopped. "What will happen now?" thought Thomas. "I hope Ole doesn't intend to hang on if he dives under the ice!"

Then he saw that immediately in front of them a smaller ice floe had appeared, blocking the channel.

The whale, in its blind terror, had struck it, and had had nothing to do but turn round.

What next the huge creature did came with terrible suddenness.

A cracking sound in the boat was their only warning as the whale came to the surface immediately under them, whirled the boat about sideways, and broke it squarely in two.

Then an enormous tail shot up beside them as the animal turned flukes and dived under the ice. "Hang on, Tom!" shouted Timothy to his brother as they followed the whale down into the icy water.

Tom needed no advice in the matter, and clung to the side of the shattered boat like grim death. He had an impression of greenness in his eyes, and a deadly chill in his body as he finally looked about him.

The boat had been manned with two sailors near the mate, and the two English boys with Ole in the bow. Tom looked up to see Ole and his brother clinging with him to their half of the wreckage.

"Where are the others?" he gasped.

"All right, Tom?" asked Timothy, disregarding his question; but Ole answered from the other side.

"Can't see them yet," he said. "They'll be up presently."

"What's to do now?" asked Timothy, and answered his question by kicking out with his feet towards the low ice floe ahead of them.

"We'll get on to that if we can," said Ole, who had looked about and seen not a single boat anywhere near for a rescue. This was not surprising, for the whale had towed them very swiftly for an incalculable distance.

The thought in his mind as he encouraged the boys to push for the ice floe was, "I doubt if we can make it."

Tom's face was bluing, indeed, as he made desperate efforts to swim through the icy water, his limbs heavy with thick clothing, his body numb with cold.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Great Painter

A boy who was the son of a Suffolk clothier and received a rather meagre education used to spend most of his time in the woods round his home, studying Nature and making sketches in copybooks of flowers, trees, and cattle.

By twelve he could paint quite well, and although he had received little education he was able to express himself in writing quite clearly. What he learned was obtained more from men and life than from books and schoolmasters. But his skill with the pen soon brought him into trouble. Wanting a holiday and knowing that neither his father nor his master would agree, he imitated his parent's handwriting in a letter which said, "Give Tom a holiday."

Of course the deceit was found out, and his father, a religious man, was greatly upset and declared, "That boy will come to be hanged." Then when he learned that the hours stolen from study were used in sketching and he saw some of the drawings, he changed his mind and said, "The boy will be a genius."

And this second prophecy was the one that came true. The boy was sent to London to continue his artistic studies, and although he was only fourteen at the time he made many friends, his keenness, modesty, and good looks commending him to all with whom he came in contact.

After remaining in London for four years he returned to Suffolk, having married a lady of means, and there obtained much work as a portrait painter.

Later he removed to Bath and there painted portraits for an income, but devoted himself to landscape as the work he loved. For both he is now famous, and one of his pictures was sold a year or two ago to an American for £157,000.

He was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, where he used to exhibit every year, but a royal portrait group having been hung in a position which did not please him he quarrelled with the Council and from that time ceased to send pictures for the Academy's annual show.

Sir Joshua Reynolds described him as "certainly the first landscape painter in Europe," but of his wonderful paintings which are now the admiration of the world over 200 are portraits. Yet he was the first really original English landscape painter and he achieved fame in two branches of his art.

His studio used to be so besieged by would-be sitters that he was unable to cope with the work. He died at 61 and was buried in Kew Churchyard. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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The Children's Newspaper

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Life is a Dream Worth Dreaming



D! MERRYMAN

"How do you find your new man?" asked one farmer of another.

"Oh, that's easy," the other replied; "I just look in the shade of the tree which lies nearest to his work."

WHY does a cook never make a square pudding?
Because she wants it to go round.

Is Your Name Diaper?

THE surname Diaper is a variant of Dipper, and that is an English spelling of De Ippe, the old French form of De Ypres. Richard Diaper therefore means Richard of Ypres, and no doubt the ancestors of the Diapers and Dippers came to England from Ypres, their geographical description, in course of time, becoming a surname.

What Is It?

WHAT is that which is so many centuries old that even the most learned men cannot tell the exact date of its birth; that we consume more than has ever been consumed before; that, after existing thousands of years in cold and damp, we kill by subjecting to heat; that, chameleon-like, turns from black to red, subsequently to burnt brown, and finally to white; and that, born and existing in darkness, is yet the constant source of light?

Answer next week

Showing His Samples

A CHAMELEON bragged, "Men shall see
Just how changeable of tint I can be!"
It turned various hues,
And explorers spread news
Of a rainbow they'd found on a tree!

WHY is the Sun like a well-made loaf?
Because it is light when it rises.

Expert Advice

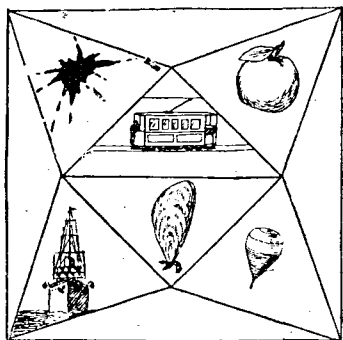
TWO strangers in a first-class railway carriage had got into friendly conversation. The windows had just been let down on account of the heat, and the talk turned to the subject of ventilation.

"I make it an invariable practice," remarked one of the passengers, "to advise people to sleep with their windows open all the year round."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the other. "I see you're a doctor."

"Not at all," was the reply. "To tell you the truth, strictly between ourselves, I am—a burglar!"

A Picture Puzzle



When the names of the objects shown in this sketch are discovered, two consecutive letters from each name will spell the name of a large animal found in tropical Africa.

Solution next week

WHAT is the centre of gravity?
The letter V.

WHY is a crocodile the most deceitful of all creatures?

Because he shows an open countenance in the act of taking you in.

How To Keep Warm



ESKIMO folks who pile on clothes
Look just as fat as butter,
But grumbles that they feel too hot
They're never heard to utter.
Their climate, as you've doubtless heard,
Is mostly zero weather,
And so they dress like feather beds
For months and months together.

Very Doggy

A Scoutmaster was giving a talk on Nature study.
"You see," he explained, "there are several plants and flowers that have the prefix dog. For instance, the dog-rose and the dog-violet are well-known flowers. Now, can any of you name another?"

Somewhere at the back of the room a knowing look came over the face of a newly-joined tenderfoot.
"Please, sir," he called out, glowing with information, "collie-flowers."

The Outcast

SOON as I'm made I'm sought
with care;
For one whole year consulted;
That time elapsed, I'm thrown
aside,
Neglected and insulted.

Solution next week

WHAT is the only thing that can live in the midst of fire?
A piece of coal.

The Finishing Touches

A LITTLE boy who had just come in from a walk ran to his mother and exclaimed: "I've seen a man who makes horses."

"Are you sure?" asked his mother.

"Yes," the little boy replied. "He had a horse nearly finished when I saw him. He was just nailing on his back feet."

A Tongue Twister

CAN you say this tongue-twister three times quickly and correctly?
May Hughes may use the yews that you may use, if you hew the huge yews that May Hughes and you may use.

Do You Live at Accrington?

THE name is spelt Alkerington in old records, and means the town or village of Ealhhere, a very common name in Old English. Probably Ealhhere was some local magnate of old days.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

A Puzzle Proverb

Do unto others as you would be done by.

Jacko Gets a Fright

JACKO always envied window-cleaners. He thought it must be great fun being able to climb up long ladders and see what was going on inside other people's houses.

He was very pleased one morning when Mrs. Jacko pointed at the windows, and said they were in a disgraceful state.

"We must have the cleaner at once," she said firmly; and she sent Jacko off to fetch him.

But the cleaner wasn't at home. He was on a job at the other side of the town, his wife said, and she asked Jacko to leave a message.

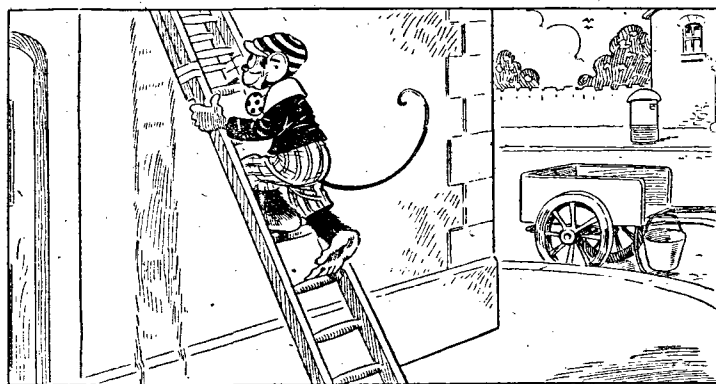
Of course Jacko did nothing of the kind. He found out where the cleaner was working, and set off to find him.

The window-cleaner was right at the top of a ladder; but he was a very pleasant sort of fellow, and when Jacko called up to him he came down at once.

"I can't oblige your mother till this afternoon," he said; "but I'll come along directly I've had my dinner."

Of course, Jacko ought to have gone home and told his mother, but he hung about instead. And at last the cleaner asked him if he would like a job.

"I'm going home for my dinner now," he said, "and if



Jacko propped up the ladder and ran up it

you'll take my ladder back to your place with you it will be handy for me when I come round."

Jacko was delighted. It wasn't a very big ladder, and besides, there was a little cart to push it on. He started off in high old style.

But suddenly he came to a standstill. He was just by the house of a rich old gentleman who was supposed to be a miser. All the lower windows of his house were shuttered, and Jacko imagined that he sat inside all day, counting his gold.

"Coo! I'll jolly soon find out if he does," said Jacko. And he propped up the ladder against the house and ran up it.

But the house was so dark inside that he couldn't see much through the windows. Suddenly a window shot up, and, before you could say Jack Robinson, he had been pulled into the house by an infuriated old gentleman.

"Want to know what I'm up to, do you?" he roared. "Well, you shall! Look round the room."

Jacko's eyes nearly darted out of his head. *The room was full of snakes!*

The old gentleman collected them for a hobby, and of course they were all stuffed. But Jacko thought they were alive. He gave one terrified yell and made a dive for the window.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Free Concerts

Birmingham City Council has decided to give the City Orchestra £2500 a year, for the next five years, so that it shall be free from financial trouble.

It is good to find a big body like this realising that men do not live by bread alone, and making this expenditure for the sake of giving good music to the people.

The Orchestra is doing wonderful work, and now gives free lunch-hour concerts in the Town Hall and concerts for school children. At these the conductor, Doctor Adrian Boult, explains in an easy way the meaning of the works of the great masters.

Concerts Gratuits

Le Conseil Municipal de Birmingham a décidé de donner à l'orchestre de la cité une subvention annuelle de 2500 livres sterling pour cinq ans, afin de le libérer de toute préoccupation financière.

Il est beau de rencontrer une grande corporation comme celle-ci, qui conçoit que l'homme ne vit pas que de pain, et qui fait ces frais afin de permettre au peuple d'entendre de la bonne musique.

L'orchestre fait des merveilles, et donne aujourd'hui des concerts gratuits à l'Hôtel de Ville pendant l'heure du déjeuner, et des concerts aux enfants des écoles. À ces derniers le chef d'orchestre, le Dr. Adrien Boult, fait sur les œuvres des grands compositeurs des conférences à la portée des enfants.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Water Baby

NANNIE said Flavia was as bad as a water-baby, because she was always dabbling in the bath with her paper boats and toy ducks.

"But I'd love to be a water-baby!" cried Flavia; and Father said, "Well, that's lucky, because if the weather keeps fine we're all going to live in a water-lily for a week."

"Oh, Father, what do you mean?"

But all Father would say was that if the Sun kept on shining he and Mother and Flavia were going to live in a water-lily.

"But what will we eat?"

"Water-snails, I suppose," teased Daddy.

Flavia made a face.

"And how shall we bath?" she asked.

"There's always plenty of bath water round a water-lily. It's lucky we can all swim."

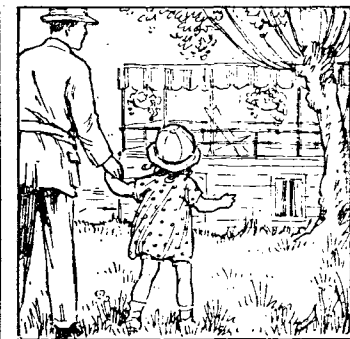
It was exciting, and Flavia felt so curious she couldn't help asking questions. But Mother said, "Wait and see"; and Nannie said, "A secret's a secret."

When the day came Father said it was just the sort of weather to live in a water-lily.

Mother started first, and Father and Flavia followed her in a taxi.

When they came to a meadow full of cuckoo-flowers Flavia saw a wide, silver river shining in the distance, and Father said, "Jump out, and shut your eyes until we come to the water-lily."

Flavia walked along with her eyes tightly shut until Father said "Now!" and then she opened them and



It was painted white and green

saw the loveliest house-boat ever seen, painted white and green. It had the name Water-lily on it in big letters.

It had a wee kitchen and three bunks to sleep in, and a little white and green boat tied to it.

And the water-baby bathed in the river every morning; and she didn't have to eat water-snails, because she and Father used to row the little boat to the village every day and buy bread and honey and brown eggs from the farm.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

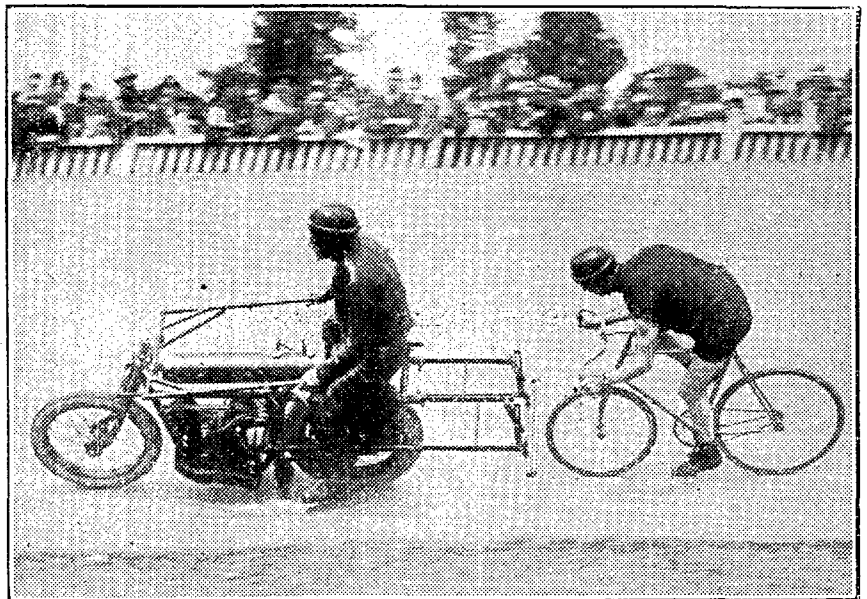
July 4, 1925
Every Thursday 2d.

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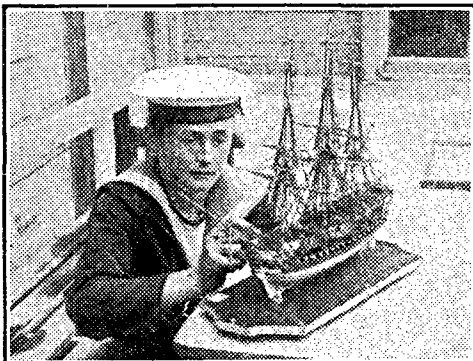
LONDON'S SAND CASTLES · RECORD CYCLING · A DICKENS MUSEUM



Sand Castles in London—In a recreation ground under the shadow of the Houses of Parliament there is a big sandpit which is very popular with the children, and suggests the seaside.



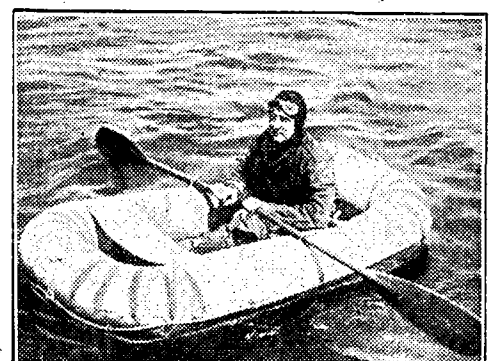
Making a Cycling Record—At the Kentish cycle races held at Herne Hill, a competitor paced by a motor-cycle covered five miles in 7 minutes 44 seconds, breaking previous records.



Learning the Seaman's Art—This young sailor, on board the Mercury, Commander C. B. Fry's training ship, finds he can learn much from a model ship.



Happy Days by the Sea—These two children are having a fine time with space and pail at Scarborough, in Yorkshire. They look very cool paddling in the waves of the North Sea, and consider it the right place for warm weather.



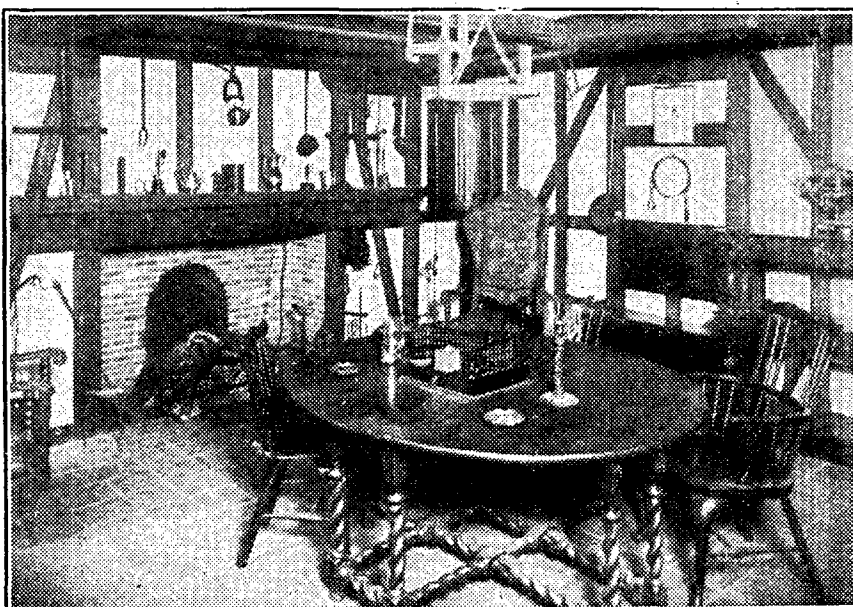
A Quiser-Looking Craft—Here is the commander of the United States Navy Arctic Expedition testing a new collapsible rubber boat, which can be folded up.



A School Lesson on the Aeroplane—A headmaster at Clacton the other week asked an aeroplane pilot to give his boys a talk on the working of his machine.



Paddling Beneath Nelson's Column—In this picture we see a party of boys keeping cool in the heart of London by paddling in a Trafalgar Square fountain.



Dickens's Old Home—A Dickens Museum has just been opened at 48, Doughty Street, London, where the great author wrote Pickwick Papers. The house contains many articles that Dickens used and is a fascinating spot for lovers of the novelist. Here is the kitchen.



Strawberries by the Ton—Pickers in the strawberry fields are being kept very busy, for the season is now at its height. One day lately the L.M.S. Railway alone despatched three special strawberry trains, carrying 130 tons of fruit. Here we see pickers at Swanwick.

PLANTS AND ANIMALS THAT WORK TOGETHER—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JULY

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